

# The TATLER

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London, January 22, 1930

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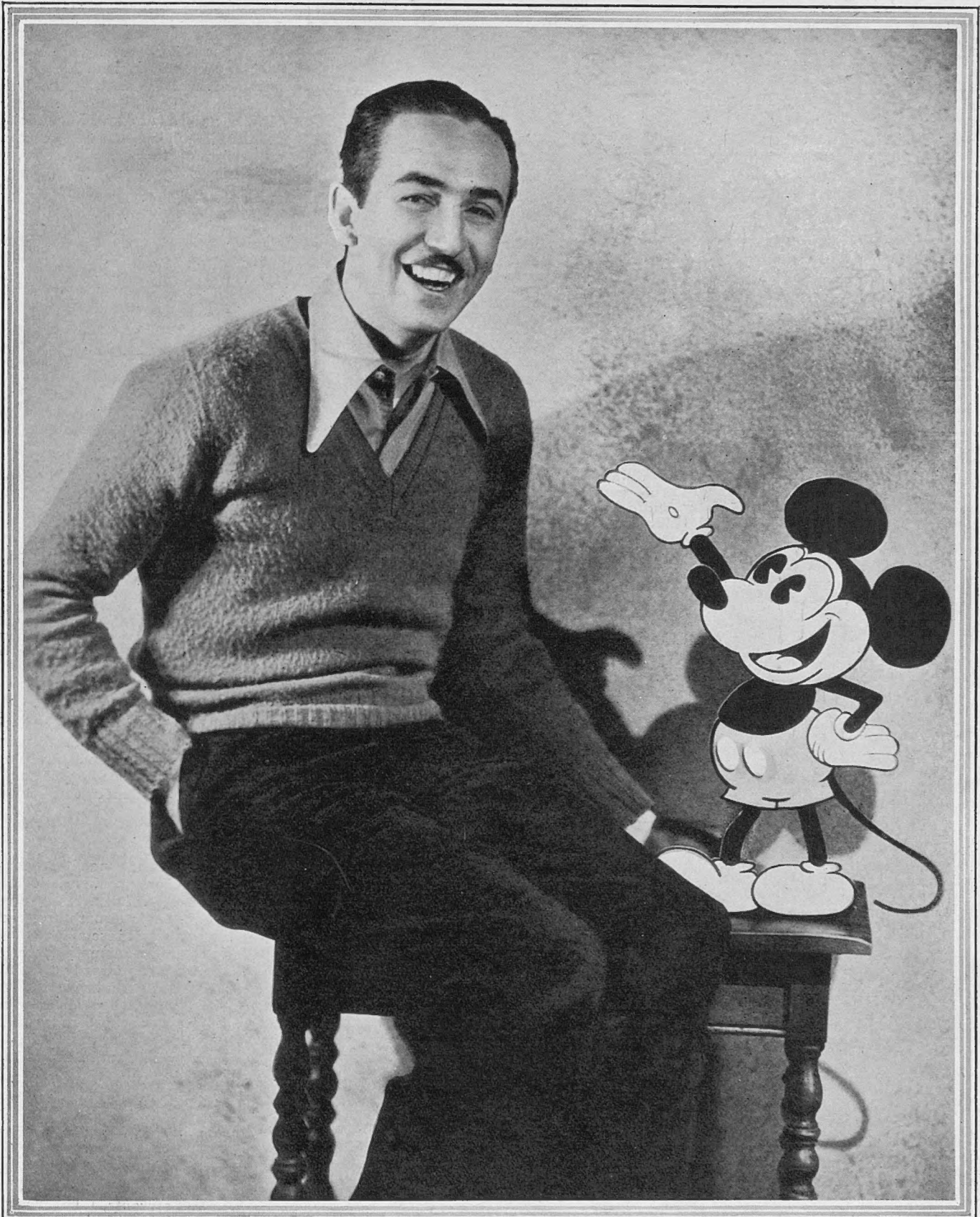
# The TATTLER

Vol. CXV. No. 1491

London, January 22, 1930

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## THE MAN WHO MAKES MILLIONS LAUGH!

### WALT DISNEY, THE CREATOR OF "MICKEY THE MOUSE"

The first photograph of Walt Disney, creator of Mickey the Mouse and "Silly Symphonies," the animated sound cartoons which are delighting audiences of all ages in every part of the kingdom. Each film, which lasts but a few minutes, necessitates the preparation of some 5,000 different drawings. Walt Disney's cartoon work is the most brilliant of its kind, and his Mickey the Mouse quite out-distances even our old friend Felix the Cat, who held the stage for so many years, and will never be entirely forgotten. A gala performance of selected Mickey films was held in London last Saturday, the 18th



PLAYERS PLEASE IN EAST LOTHIAN

Several well-known amateur actors took part in the recent private theatricals at Athelstane Hall, and stayed with Sir David and Lady Kinloch at Gilmerton. This group includes the hostess, her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Kinloch, her son-in-law, Captain the Hon. Richard Norton, Sir William Bromley-Davenport, Miss Kingham, Captain and Mrs. Geoffrey Bull, and Mrs. Bethell

with the more immediate prospect of super-tax on incomes down to £1,500 or even £1,000, which is hardly a cheerful lookout, to say the least of it, though the recent crashes and depressions have considerably lessened the number of those liable to it.

But let us turn to more cheerful subjects. The spate of new engagements still continues, and two of the most interesting, generally, of the recent ones are Lady Hermione Lytton's and Miss Margaret Loeffler's. The Lytton family has so long been connected with Mürren, and so famed for its proficiency at this highly-specialised centre of athleticism of the ice and snow, that there is something very fitting in Lady Hermione having announced her



MISS GWENDOLYN WILMOT

Lenore

The younger daughter of the late Mr. Charles Wilmot of Belleville, Ontario. She is to be married to Mr. D'Arcy Rutherford on January 30

## The Letters of Eve

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

**D**EAREST,— This week's reassembling of Parliament, which will be a *fait accompli* by the time this letter reaches you, was preceded by rather more than the usual amount of rumour and excitement. Much talk of political splits and reunions, and of the possibility of a General Election before Mr. Snowden's Budget, which is the subject of so much apprehension. However, that possibility seems to be definitely off, by the consent of all parties (now somewhat mixed), and Mr. Clynes talks hopefully of years of power for Labour. But we are faced

engagement to Mr. Cobbold from that very place. In her having, in fact, made a special journey there to get her father's permission, before immediately publishing the glad news. And now, I suppose, she will be lost to us for a time, since her husband-to-be has a job in Milan which is important enough to keep him there for the next few years at least.

Miss Margaret Loeffler, who has just announced her engagement to Colonel John Gretton's only son, is the eldest of the three daughters of Captain and Mrs. Loeffler, who live in that beautiful corner house in Grosvenor Square which runs down Grosvenor Street. She bears a slight resemblance to her pretty blue-eyed and fair-haired Scandinavian mother, who has the enchanting name of Sigrid, and she has already seen many foreign lands and far-off seas, since her parents are the happy possessors of that very fine yacht *Albion*, on which they often take parties of their friends for the most delightful cruises. Last summer they took a small party to Norway for the fishing, and afterwards went on to Poland to stay with Count Alfred Potocki at his marvellous place, Lancut.

Count Alfred Potocki is a brother of Count Arthur Potocki, who has recently become engaged to Countess Mary Tarnowska, and he likes nothing better than to entertain his hosts of English friends. And he entertains really royally, for Lancut is an enormous place with a hundred servants, I believe, where guests are given every luxury and comfort, including an unlimited supply of horses to ride, and the Count is, incidentally, a great sportsman. One of his guests there this last summer was Miss Loelia Ponsonby, whose lightning engagement to the Duke of Westminster is still one of the topics of the hour. Nothing has



SIR "TOBY" RAWLINSON

Who has been spending a holiday at Monte Carlo and incidentally playing quite a lot of "chemmy" at the Sporting Club. He is the late Field-Marshal Lord Rawlinson's only brother



yet been officially given out about the date of the wedding, but I hear that it is to come off fairly soon. They are about due back now from their trip aboard the *Cutty Sark*.

\* \* \*

The Duke, by the way, gave his *fiancée* the most beautiful square-cut emerald for her engagement-ring. And, talking of jewels, the new little Princess of Piedmont, who is now spending her honeymoon in strict incognito on the island of Capri, a restful spot after the ardours of Rome's week of celebration, now possesses the most magnificent pearls in Europe, for Queen Margherita left her famous collection to her beloved grandson for his wife. I think of all the wonderful presents that the Royal couple received, the most delightful was the carriage, or was it a coach, and the four pure white horses sent by Hungary.

\* \* \*

The other much-talked-about engaged couple, Lady Seafield and Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, have been here, there, and everywhere together in London during the last week or so. Their wedding is fixed for April as her mother, who up to a few

days ago had not even heard of the engagement since she is travelling in some remote spot on the White Nile, will not be back in England before then. Mr. Herbert's mother, now Mrs. Geoffrey White, is a very witty and very beautiful woman who used to be known as *the lovely Mrs. Studley*.

red Chow who belongs to Lady Fitzherbert, who lives in that charming little house in St. James's Street above Lock the hatter. This Chow exercises himself alone every day and returns punctually at meal times. But he excelled himself last week when he found his way home from the City where she had taken him and then lost him in the crowd. Another walker I ran into was the Argentine Ambassador, who has only just returned from an eight months' visit to his country. He is looking extremely well after his rest.

\* \* \*

The Ambassador is one of the keenest of film fans and has timed his return at a good moment, for we've been having some rather specially good pictures, among them the amazing negro film, *Hallelujah*, which is now running at the Empire. I was tremendously impressed by it when I saw it at the

(Continued on p. 142)



A FOURSOME

Bale

Mrs. Bellville with her daughter, Ann Tunnicliffe, her sister, Mrs. Hay, and James Hay at a recent Pytchley Meet. Mrs. Bellville is the third wife of Captain Frank Bellville of Papillon Hall, near Market Harborough

Before her marriage she was Beatrice de Chair, and she can claim direct descent from Cæsar Borgia through his only daughter who married a de la Tremouille. She has a delightful Queen Anne house at the far end of the St. James's Place cul de sac, the hall of which contains a most lovely model coach. For her husband, General White, is a famous whip, and one of the most ardent supporters of coaching in the country.

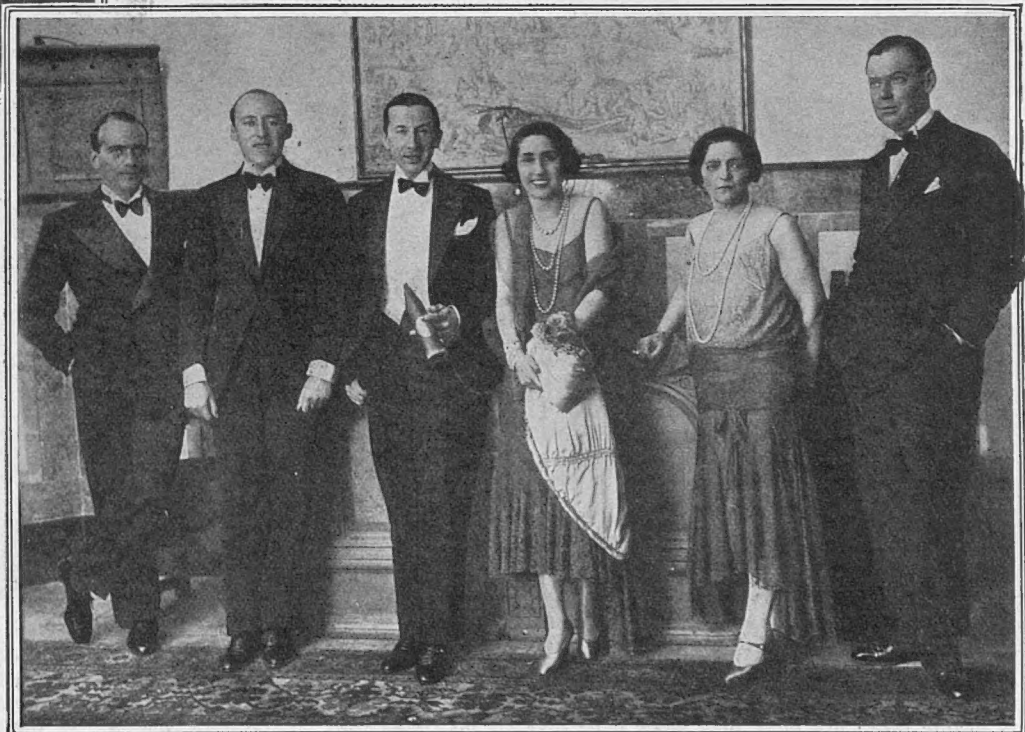
\* \* \*

It's an ill wind, etc., and one thing that these awful gales seem to have done is to blow away fogs and clouds and give us such gloriously sunny mornings that walking even in London becomes a really joyous affair. On one of my recent walks I met almost the most famous pedestrian in the town. I mean the



RACING AT LINGFIELD

Mrs. Lovett, with Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Sir Eustace Fiennes and Major Scott-Murray. Sir Eustace Fiennes, who is a brother of Lord Saye and Sele, was Governor of the Leeward Islands from 1921 until last year. He has seen much active service on various fronts and represented North Oxfordshire in Parliament for a considerable period



Coleman

PERSONALITIES AT ST. MORITZ

A group taken on the occasion of the Bob-sleigh Club Ball, which materially added to the gaiety of delectable St. Moritz, where a concentration of smart Society is now to be found. Left to right: Mr. Oswald, Lord Michelham, Count Rossi, the Duchess of Alba, Mrs. Hubert Martineau, and Mr. Martineau



## The Letters of Eve

—continued

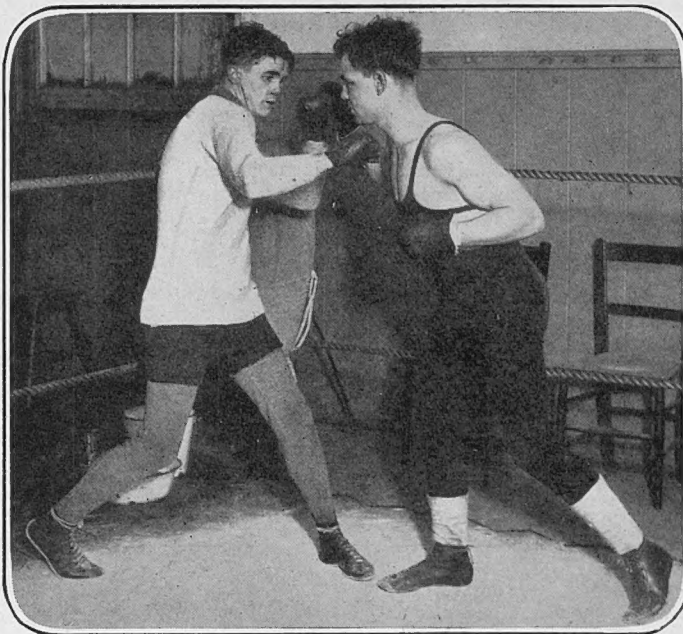
midnight show last week. And I am sure it was not altogether because I had come on after one of the best dinners that Charles has ever thought of at Claridge's. The latest attraction there, by the way, is the new Tzigane Orchestra led by Georges Boulanger. He is a wonderful violinist, and doesn't confine himself to the haunting and alluring but rather monotonous Tzigane music, for he will play whatever you like to ask for.

\* \* \*  
We arrived at the Empire in time to see the last part of the lovely Greta Garbo's film, *The Single Standard*. What an enchanting creature she is. And it was something of a shock to turn round and see sitting behind us what seemed to be Greta herself. It, or rather she, turned out to be Mrs. Lloyd Thomas, who is quite astonishingly like her. Others I noticed there were the Robin d'Erlangers with Mrs. George Metaxa and Miss Mala Brand, Mr. Eric Dunstan of the golden voice, Mrs. Evan Morgan, dressed in scarlet, Lady Barker with a large party, Miss Ursula Jeans, and Mr. Jameson Thomas, the strong, silent hero of British films. By the time we had seen *Hallelujah*, had been regaled with champagne, and had two or three dances on the stage, we found, to our surprise, that it was past four.



MR. AND MRS. HUGH SINCLAIR  
(MISS VALERIE TAYLOR)

A picture taken just after they were married in New York at "The Little Church Round the Corner" on East 29th Street. Both the bride and bridegroom are very well known on the English stage, and Miss Valerie Taylor is at present appearing in New York in "Berkeley Square"



TEDDY BALDOCK GETTING HIS WEIGHT OFF

The bantam champion of Great Britain avec sparring partner getting off a bit of weight for his encounter with Emile Pladner, former fly-weight champion of France. The fight takes place to-night (22nd) at the Albert Hall

\* \* \*  
No one can say that our opera enthusiasts here are not real triers, and Mr. Robert Stuart's gallant effort in running the London Opera Festival at the Scala was nobly supported by Sir Thomas Beecham when, after a slight financial crisis, he came to the rescue with his offer to conduct Der Frieschutz for a whole week without a fee. I see, too, that Mr. Isidore de Lara, whose great effort to raise a million for the cause of opera met with less success than it deserved, is producing his own work, *Messalini*, with the Carl Rosa Opera Company at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, to-night. It's the first time it's been done in English in London, but he gave it last year in Ireland, and before that both at Aix-les-Bains and on the Riviera.

\* \* \*  
St. Moritz seems to be having a gayer season than

ever this year, and though some of the earlier visitors have already come back more or less sound in limb, new ones are still arriving there quite undeterred by the various misfortunes which have befallen the skiers and bobbies and those daring riders of the Cresta. Such casualties are all part of the game, but it does seem hard luck on poor Lady Maud Hoare, who is a real expert in the less hazardous pastime of skating, to have suffered a broken leg when she was merely standing still on the Suvretta ice rink. And a very bad break, too—in two places. The Hoare family is in bad luck apparently, for her handsome brother-in-law, Mr. Oliver Hoare, only two days after her accident, fell down and broke his arm when he was playing on the covered wooden tennis court at Queen's. However, his is a much more simple affair—a clean break, which promises to be completely cured in a fortnight's time. He was out and about last week, and was only in bad pain for thirty-six hours or so.

\* \* \*  
I rather gather that the increasing crowds who flock to Switzerland at this time of every year must be giving the Riviera people much food for thought. If they could find some real attractions for the young men things might be better, I fancy, for the dearth of that commodity on the Côte d'Azur has always been the chief complaint of the young female

generation which goes out there. St. Moritz, with its every kind of sport and gaiety knows how to cater for them, with the result that all the bright and lovely people choose to go there. Captain and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid have just got back home again, but up to the time of writing its present visitors still include the Duke and Duchess of Alba and Lord Donegall, who go there every year, Lord Clydesdale, the boxer and athlete son of the Duke of Hamilton, Señorita Lili de Alvarez, and Mr. Charles Baillie-Hamilton and his attractive young wife.—All my love to you, dearest. Yours ever, EVE.



MR. AND MRS. EUGENE GOOSSENS

Who were recently married in Detroit, Michigan, a few hours before Mr. Eugene Goossens stepped into the breach, caused by the absence of the regular leader, to conduct the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Mrs. Eugene Goossens, the famous composer's bride, was Miss Janet Lewis of Rochester. Mr. Eugene Goossens' work as a conductor under Sir Thomas Beecham at Covent Garden is too well known to demand emphasis

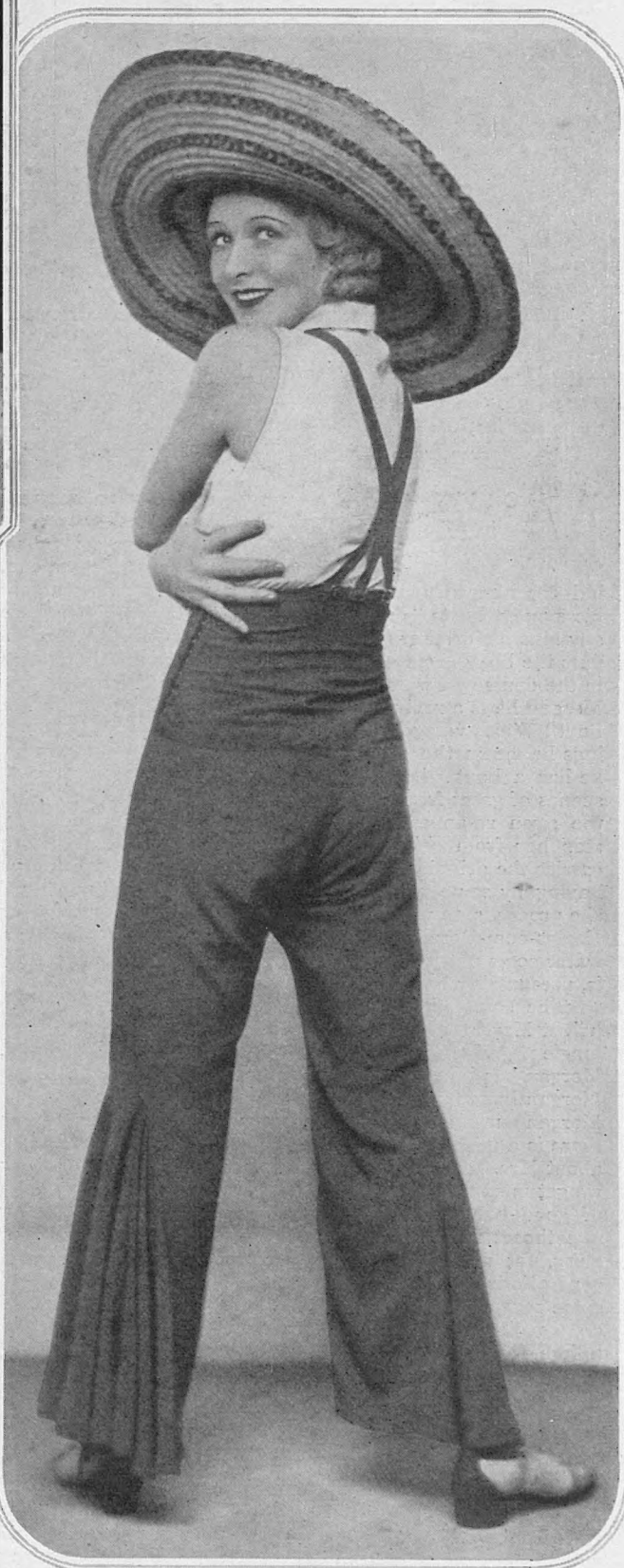




MR. W. H. BERRY AS CHARLES CORNER

Stage Photo Co.

"A WARM CORNER"  
AND SOME OF  
THE PEOPLE  
IN IT!



A BACK VIEW: HEATHER THATCHER AND HER  
OXFORD BAGS

Dorothy Wilding



MR. AUSTIN MELFORD (PETER) AND MISS HEATHER  
THATCHER (MIMI)

Stage Photo Co.

This amusing bit of swansdown is fully dealt with in caricature and otherwise in "The Passing Shows" pages in this issue, and these photographs may be useful for comparative purposes. It is first-rate fun which is provided at the Princes Theatre, and as will be observed there are plenty of heavy guns engaged in firing the wit and humour across the footlights. Mr. W. H. Berry as Charles Corner, proprietor of Corner's Corn Plasters, is a host in himself, and Miss Heather Thatcher as the Lido vamp is entirely in her element, while Mr. Austin Melford has a part quite after his own heart as Peter—the silly-ass type of hero





## INTERRUPTED!

The telephone bell is said to have rung when Raquel Torres and Robert Montgomery had settled down for the evening; but as the camera-operator was there all the time they were not as alone as all that. Raquel Torres is a Mexican, and made her first big hit in "White Shadows in the South Seas"

MORGAN EVANS, a Caerphilly collier, goes for a jaunt, and with his year's savings in his pocket, to the neighbouring city of Cardiff. There he falls for a siren in what it is polite to call a gaming-saloon, who induces him to play dice with her bully. Morgan loses all his money, starts "creating," and in the disturbance accidentally kills his brother Owen, who has come to look for him. He puts the body in a cart and returns home, where there is a wake, in the course of which he "gets religion." When next we see Morgan he is a revivalist preacher, ambling pietistically through South Wales villages on an ass. In the course of his wanderings he meets the siren and the bully, with the latter of whom he has a bout of fisticuffs. Next we are treated to revivalist scenes of great frenzy, including baptism by ducking. And now the siren re-appears. She will be ducked, and nothing shall stop her from being ducked. Morgan obliges, and presently carries the dripping and now hysterical trollop to a tent where, having by some miraculous process become completely dried, she proceeds to vamp the poor evangelist in the best Jeanne-Eagles-cum-Rosalinde-Fuller manner. "Love's fire heats water, water cools not love." Our Morgan, well-read miner though he is, presumably has not got as far in the sonnets as this.

The same night, when the revivalist meeting is at its full height Morgan and the siren steal away into the Glamorganshire jungle. When next we see the pair they are married, and Morgan has gone to work in the local stone quarries. But Mrs. Morgan has taken to deceiving him and with her former bully. Morgan surprises the pair, who try to get away in a buggy, and there is a midnight chase in the course of which Morgan brings about Mrs. Morgan's death. Finally he throttles the bully, and we get momentary glimpses of him in gaol, whence as the result of good behaviour he is sent back to rejoin his mother and sweetheart in the dear little town of Caerphilly. Surely this story, put nakedly, is all rather tosh, the sort of tosh which generations ago, and translated into Manx, served as a basis for some seven hundred grandiose pages by Sir Hall Caine. What do we glean from it? Do we glean that revivalist ministers, before they start redeeming other people should be quite sure that they themselves have permanently put away the world and the flesh? But we knew that from *Rain* if we did not know it before. Do we glean that the line between religious hysteria and erotic emotionalism is a very fine one, particularly when the victim is rolling about on the floor? But surely it needed no Mr. King Vidor and 5,000 supernumeraries come from California to tell us this? Are we to glean that a natural trollop will, in spite of duckings, not revert to type? Or that you can get away with three homicides provided that two are in the nature of an accident, and that your intentions are of the best throughout?

These are the questions which we should ask ourselves if *Hallelujah* were really a film based upon life in the Welsh

# The Cinema

By JAMES AGATE

## Prancing Niggers

mining-districts. But *Hallelujah* isn't. It is based upon life in the cotton-fields of Georgia. Morgan Evans is really Zeke, a flower of negro chivalry à la Paul Robeson; his brother is called not Owen but Spunk; the trollop is called Chick; her bully, Hot Shot; while the scenario is composed by some man, woman, or child of the name of Wanda Tuchock. The whole film is a strange mixture of good and bad. Mr. Daniel L. Haynes, who plays Zeke, is obviously a fine actor, and Miss Nina Mae McKinney, who plays Chick, is a vamp of the most precious allurements. The revivalist scenes are extraordinarily well done. But here I think film-critics are a little inclined to lose their heads. When the late Beerbohm Tree stage-managed his crowds in *Julius Cæsar* he did his job of work quite as well as Mr. King Vidor, and nobody talked about "synthetic emotion." Mr. Vidor does the same kind of thing with 5,000 men instead of fifty. Then again I think my colleagues are inclined to confuse the size and difficulty of an undertaking with the interest of its result. The programme tells us of the difficulty Mr. Vidor had to get the right measure of emotion out of a crowd which either went off into real hysterics of its own or stood about like sheep. Personally I don't care if it took Mr. Vidor ten years to train these niggers; all I know is that ten minutes is all I can stand of nigger ecstasy. But the revivalist scenes went on and on, and again on, and then some more, till in the end I became completely bored. Further, this preponderance throws the whole picture out of gear. For it is surely ridiculous to spend two hours watching a lot of negroes jogging up and down and less than one minute in showing the result of religious hysteria upon the negro mentality, that result being imprisonment for manslaughter. Also I am completely tired of expositions of the negro by whites. It may be that Mr., Miss, or Master Wanda Tuchock—or can it be Mrs.?—is a coloured "pusson." But even so I feel that the directing mind is that of Mr. Vidor who in this film observes the negro from without, in exactly the same way as Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. And between you and me, dear reader, between Mr. Vidor's sentimentality and that of Mrs. Stowe there is not a pin to choose. But the greatest fault with *Hallelujah* is the sound production. Whether from too much amplification or other reason, the voices at the invitation and midnight performance at the Empire had all the old horrible sea-lion quality. So much so that I could not distinguish one word in three. The lighting and the photography are on the whole poorish. Nevertheless, and despite all the foregoing I declare *Hallelujah* to be the very film for the tired white business man or woman who desires, after the labours of the day, to lay a jaded head upon the perfumed bosom of the South. All others, if they think like me, will find it a little dull. But the subsequent champagne, meringues, and tongue-sandwiches were wildly exciting, and among those present I observed Mr. Leslie Henson and Miss Cicely Courtneidge. The conjunction suggests a heavenly burlesque of immerser and immersee before which my rapt pen trembles.

Now let me recommend a film which in my view and at a conservative estimate is twenty-five times better than *Hallelujah*—*Flight*, at the Capitol. This is a wildly adventurous story full of schoolboy thrills, with a tiny non-imbecile love-element and a complete absence of "synthetic emotion" and other fudge. The voice-reproduction is the best I have ever heard, and every moment of the picture, which is beautifully acted by Mr. Jack Holt and Mr. Ralph Graves, thrilled me to the marrow. *Condemned*, at the London Pavilion, represents Devil's Island as an idyllic retreat suitable for love-making and not unlike Broadstairs. I do not believe a word of this picture from start to finish. Nor do I believe that Mr. Cochrane believes more than two words of this story of cosseted convicts singing at their work. Has our Charles got his tongue in his cheek for once? I should be chary of asking this did I not know my old friend to be in America.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xvi



# THE RISING GENERATION AND OTHERS



HAPPY COUSINS: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE'S GRANDCHILDREN

Board, Buxton

Included in this group are: The Duke and Duchess in the centre, Lady Blanche Cobbold, Lady Dorothy Macmillan, and Lady Rachel Stuart, Lord Burlington, Miss Arbelle Mackintosh, Lord Andrew Cavendish, Maurice Macmillan, Pamela Cobbold, Jean Cobbold, Carroll Macmillan, David Stuart, Michael Baillie, John Stuart, Judith Baillie, Catharine Macmillan, Elizabeth Cavendish, John Cobbold, Anne Cavendish, Peter Baillie



AT THE "WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG" BALL: Left—MISS VILLIERS, CAPTAIN AND LADY KATHLEEN ROLLO, AND LIEUT.-COLONEL C. KERR; centre—MISS ELIZABETH MORRIS AND THE HON. MRS. CHOLMONDELEY; right—LADY CUNLIFFE-OWEN AND LADY EVELYN BEAUCHAMP

It was a happy idea to concentrate for photographic purposes the sixteensome at the top of this page. Lord Burlington is the Marquess of Hartington's eldest son and is thirteen. Their Grace's daughters are Lady Maud Baillie, whose first husband was Captain Angus Mackintosh, Lady Blanche Cobbold, Lady Dorothy Macmillan, Lady Rachel Stuart, and Lady Anne Hunloke. The chief feature of the "When We Were Very Young" Ball, held at the Savoy in aid of Brompton Hospital, was the "Past Bedtime" revue, written by Mr. Douglas Byng, which Mr. Ernest Thesiger opened with "A Few Words from Nurse." Lady Cunliffe-Owen was deputy chairman of the committee, and her dog, Pat, collected over fifty pounds for the cause. Captain and Lady Kathleen Rollo came up specially from Leicestershire for the occasion. Mrs. Thomas Cholmondeley, Lord Delamere's daughter-in-law, is the Duke of Buccleuch's niece



## FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

## From Leicestershire

Old man Cole was a merry old soul,  
And he always rode horses three;  
He changed off his first when parched up with thirst  
And never left "nowt" for me.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,  
Whose surfeit of children had nothing to do.  
We know of a young one, right down to the "runt,"  
She buys them all ponies and lets them all hunt.

Little Jack Horner jumped rails in a corner,  
Jumped them as neat as pie;  
He looked rather glum  
For the Master's not dumb,  
And hounds were not running forbye.

Little Miss Muffett sat in the buffet  
Putting champagne away.  
An amateur rider sat right down beside 'er  
And didn't Miss Muffitt just stay.

Look at Peter, only look,  
Peter's been right in the brook;  
Dirty face and dirty hair,  
Can he hope to teach a bear.

## From the Belvoir

The never-ceasing downpour has reduced the going to a state difficult to describe. On Tuesday, from Ancaster, hounds showed very good sport, scoring three good hunts. Scent was moderate on the Wednesday from Goadby, but after a disappointing morning the pack ran very well from Burbidge's across the Burton Flats and on into Quorn country. On Friday the going was so deep that at times the field resembled flies proceeding across good fly-paper, and a good many falls resulted. We had a big field on Saturday at Harby, including the Duke of Gloucester. Scent was catchy all day, but sport was quite good. A fox from Kaye Wood provided a fast gallop to Harby Covert, then on to Granby Gap. The country was very flooded and most of the field plastered with mud from head to foot. There were a lot of falls, Major Orr-Ewing taking a particularly nasty one. His horse slipped into a stiff post and rails and did a complete circle and kicked him while on the ground. He was badly shaken and bruised but was able to go home in a car. Mr. Tonge hunted hounds all four days as George Tongue is still in bed as the result of his fall ten days ago.

## From Warwickshire

Wellesbourne Wood is a stronghold for foxes, but it holds other things besides, and the going was decidedly sticky last Monday when the Hunt made it more or less their headquarters. Thrice did hounds circle between this covert and Goldicote, and enthusiasm faded as the same much-poached fences were jumped for the umpteenth time in succession. The hunt from Aston Hales next day was distinctly the best of a moderate week's sport, but the fox put the Knee Brook so successfully between himself and his pursuers that few really saw the gallop. A slippery foot-bridge necessitated a lead over; three safely accomplished the passage, then Yda's mount stopped more traffic by not only slipping into the roaring torrent but by breaking the bridge itself, and had not Reggie valiantly plunged in to the rescue the horse most certainly would have been drowned. How the girls do chatter at a check! It will

take more than Master's mild s'hush, s'hush, to "freeze them into silence." A slight injury has kept Cox out of the saddle for the last couple of days, and given the first whipper-in a chance to hunt hounds, while it is pleasant to note that "Buck," so well described as the farmer's friend, is again "in the pink," and has consented to act as Joint-Deputy Master for the remainder of the season.

## From the Fernie

Monday, at Peatling Magna, was dry, the first for many weeks. Sunshine after frost was not conducive to good scent, but hounds ran nicely from Gilmorton over a delectable country with plenty of clean fences. The Squire of Dunton was going great guns on that good performer What's That, late the property of the Prince of Wales. Heavy going tested the ill-conditioned. Running from Bosworth Gorse towards the canal, a reckless fox-chaser jumped into the flooded waterway. Rising from the depths he managed to scramble out; not so, however, his blown steed, which was rescued with difficulty.

News of "Hughie" Grosvenor's fatal air crash has come home to us. So well known with these hounds and between the flags, our sympathy goes out to Lord Stalbridge, our late Master, and Lady Stalbridge on the sad loss of their son and heir. There was a strong muster at Thurnby on Thursday, those from afar having their hunters conveyed by motor horse-boxes, which are a common feature of the highway nowadays. Fifteen minutes from Thurnby Covert finished with a kill in a village garden. There were some minor casualties. Two peers hit the deck. The lady from Sibbertoft arrived racing pace for the first draw; some horses appeared extra "beany." A dart from Harris' was most enjoyed, but our foxes beat us every time. The fair rider in brown who measured her length on the plough was plucky enough to continue the 'chase *au pied*, untrammelled by skirts. The astride garb has some compensations.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. ROBIN SAVILL

With the Fernie last week. Both Captain and Mrs. Savill are very well known with these hounds, and both go very well

## From the Heythrop

Monday, at Kiddington Gate, although as balmy as May, was a cold-scenting day. Why did the Merry Wife of Windsor wear no skirt? To keep her legs cool, or merely out of habit? Our K.C. and ex-M.P. kindly dismounted to open an obstinate gate, but we hope he will regain his political seat in fewer attempts than he took to regain the pigskin. On Wednesday a moderate-sized field journeyed to Northleach on our far western boundary. We were all sorry to hear that the Major's youngest daughter had succumbed to the family mumps. Lodge Park provided quick refreshment to the pack in the shape of a couple of chops, but it was hard cheese for the field to get left in Farmington Grove. Our sympathies to Colonel B. on a nasty toss; judging from the appearance of his face, it will be no laughing matter for some time. On Friday, at Moreton-in-Marsh, several of the field paid a call at the Tanner's in anticipation of Thickleather, but this was not to be till the evening, when, to everyone's disappointment, it was blank. The best thing of the day was the hunt from Sezincote to Springhill, through Bourton Wood, to ground in Rook Hill, when it was a case of fairly treading on the gas to keep with them. On Saturday we met at Wilcote in a snowstorm, which seemed to upset our broker's horse. The broker's position for a while looked distinctly speculative, but forty minutes without a check being returned put them both on a firmer basis. Altogether it was a splendid day, with scent of the very best.

(Continued on p. iv)



## THE UNITED SECRETARIES CLUB LUNCHEON



A DISTINGUISHED ASSEMBLAGE—BY FRED MAY

The United Secretaries Club assembles under its roof, or round its board as it would be more convenient to say, a large number of most excellent and hard-working gentlemen secretaries of organisations principally connected with the motoring world, who carry on their onerous duties with a patience which completely outshines that of Job. On this occasion Mr. Stenson Cooke, the Secretary of the Automobile Association, was presented with a fine piece of silver, an autographed cigar-lighter, as a token of esteem on his completing twenty-five years' service with the A.A. It was divulged at this luncheon that Mr. W. F. V. Cox, Secretary of the Institute of the Rubber Industry, was the founder of the United Secretaries Club, and he has every reason to be proud of his bantling





MRS. L. C. McDONOUGH CUFFE

Mrs. L. C. McDonough Cuffe, who was married last year to the eldest son of Lady McDonough Cuffe and of the late Surgeon-General Sir Charles Cuffe, K.C.B., of London, was formerly Miss Olivia Lategan, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Lategan of Constantia, South Africa, where they are very well known in Society, and frequently entertain Royalty at their beautiful house. Mrs. McDonough Cuffe will be presented at one of the June Courts

# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By Richard King

## Cruising Along the Coast.

I SELDOM envy the rich their possessions. Possessions are a responsibility, and a large household is always a nuisance. Besides, mass - entertaining must be so dull! But I do envy them the ease with which they can escape their surroundings and get away. My soul indeed is positively sea-green with murderous jealousy when I read in the newspapers that Lord and Lady Blank will be away for three months and no letters will be forwarded. You can gain that kind of complete freedom when you have a secretary at home to

answer the tiresome letters which must be answered quickly and always seem to arrive when you are away, leaving merely the personal ones to await your return. For myself I never seem able to get away for forty-eight hours without a telegram arriving in my absence, or a chimney blowing down in the gale. Consequently, the house being empty, worry sits waiting for my return with a list of immediate problems which will take me days to solve. So that occasionally I have said to myself, "Was it worth it? Better stay at home another time." Yet the longer I live the more clearly I realise the necessity for the heart, the mind, and the soul to get right away from familiar things if they would keep something of their pristine spirit alive. It doesn't much matter what you do or where you go so long as you escape. Personal freedom for some time, anyway, that is one of the most priceless possessions in life. And there is never any real personal freedom unless you can get away by yourself and be yourself for a little if not for a long while. Thus a man is lucky whose hobby takes him right out of his family circle into a world of his very own. It is never a popular hobby of course. People love to butt in on other people's solitude, especially if there be any suspicion that they are enjoying this solitude tremendously. The number of those who seem utterly incapable of amusing themselves by themselves is out of all proportion to the amusement they bring to others when—as they tersely put it—they pop in to dig you out. The thousand silly Brighton wives who complained to the newspapers that they did not know what to do with themselves or their time while their husbands were away on business, presumably earning money for their empty-headed women to spend, are typical of too many people in this world, or so it seems to me. And organised mechanical amusements only add to their number. That is why a hobby is as essential to happiness as a career. Lucky the man or woman, therefore, who possesses one which requires neither an immediate audience nor any outside help. The parents who bring up their children without cultivating in them whatever taste they may possess for some pursuit are bringing up their children to be eventually and quite probably a nuisance to themselves as well as to all those who come within their orbit. The man with a hobby is the man who is not only interesting to himself but of interest to others. This life is so short that there should be no moment in it for twiddling one's thumbs or aimlessly twitting to one's neighbour. And it is because Mr. Francis B. Cooke is so in love with his hobby of cruising that his book, "Coastal Cruising from Erith to Lowestoft" (Arnold. 12s. 6d.), is such a delightful book to read; yes, even though you may be, as I am, liable to become sea-sick on a Thames steamer. He is such an enthusiastic sailor, so wrapped up in the joy and

adventures of his pastime that he can make you amused by the hardships of a yachtsman's life and enthralled by his account of even his everyday experiences. Because he so loves the life of the sea he makes you love it too, and such is his understanding of the novice's outlook that while you are reading his book you seem to be sharing also his pleasures, so entertaining can he make the small things of the everyday, so catching is his enthusiasm—as all genuine enthusiasm is catching. But it is also a pilot book; though by no means only that. He can wrap up sound, practical information in such an attractive way that it becomes readable even for those who cannot handle a pair of sculls; making it all part and parcel of his joyous adventuring. So the book will be especially useful to the amateur yachtsman as well as a delightful and amusing and interesting one to read from the point of view of the confirmed landlubber. I can myself pay it no greater compliment than to write that, after reading it, it makes me impatient to follow in his tracks, sea-sickness or no sea-sickness. I dare swear, too, that most people who read it will feel just the same impatience. Especially as the estuary of the Thames, with all its attractive creeks and tidal channels, to say nothing of those which lie all along the south-east coast, are, so to speak, at one's very door. It only needs a certain amount of sea-knowledge and a small yacht.

## The Italian Exhibition.

But, of course, and speaking purely personally, I am no longer young enough to follow in Mr. Francis Cooke's tracks very far. My escapes must lie in quieter, less physically adventurous directions—among pictures, in music, in travel, in country lanes, by myself over the fireside, in friendship, and in the greater stillness, though no less exciting experiences of life. Sometimes I am secretly thankful that the crowd are not attracted by these things. The National Gallery remains practically undisturbed by the cackle of those who, I am sure, even in the presence of God, will want to talk about the cut of their celestial robes! Concerts, unless given by those gifted musicians whom the musical snobs have made into idols, can still be enjoyed without the twittering of those who come to be seen rather than to listen. The world is so big that one can always get away from what Pierre Loti used to call the Cooks and Cookesses.

Country lanes are anathema to the road-hogs whose only delight in motoring is to get there quickly. To sit quietly over the fireside is no very popular form of solitude. There are lots of thrilling adventures in life of which film fans seem totally unaware. For instance, I suppose I am one among many thousands who are longing to go to Burlington House to see the Italian Exhibition of pictures, who are yet hesitating, hoping against hope, that before very long the crowd, who feel they must go there so as to be in



MRS. CLAUD CROSS AND HER SON OLIVER

Mrs. Claud Cross is a daughter of Dame Clara Butt, who is now on her way to Rhodesia. Oliver, the son and heir, is six months old

(Cont. on p. 150)



## THE OPPORTUNIST

By George Belcher



Gentleman (rather overcome by fall): Where am I?

Business-like Hawker: 'Ere y'are, guvnor—map o' London, sixpence



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

the swim, will have grown thin, fading away to air their opinions to people who think their own are ever so much more worth listening to. It is almost impossible to enjoy any lovely thing in a crowd. And an exhibition is never the best place to enjoy pictures. Placed as they are, one against another, they seem to lose something of exquisite personality, just as people do who are met at some social crush. The ideal is never more than four pictures in any room, just as the ideal personal intercourse is at most three kindred spirits gathered together around a table placed in a twilight garden. Moreover the Italian Exhibition is as much a history of art as a show of some of the loveliest pictures in the whole world. To appreciate it fully you must understand something at least of the era in which each picture was painted, and how one artist was influenced by another and by his own epoch and surroundings. One should also know something about the painters themselves, since these pictures are, for the most part, painted for the love of expressing something within the artist, not for a rich man's commissions or a wealthy woman's vanity. It is this necessity to understanding something of the history of the pictures and their painters which makes Mr. Horace Shipp's book, "The Italian Masters: A Survey and Guide" (Sampson Low, 7s. 6d.), such a necessary book to read before going to Burlington House; especially for those who understand only vaguely the immensely important part which Italian art once played in the cultural heritage of the human race, and still does. For these, their enjoyment of the pictures will be increased a hundredfold. For example, the Siena School, as differing and as apart from the Umbrian, is only vaguely realised by many people. In this interesting book Mr. Shipp treats of each school of painting, weaving in his account of it that necessary historical survey and anecdote which help so greatly to explain both the men and the movement of which they were the leaders; shows us which painters were contemporary and how each was influenced by earlier artists, and how in their turn they influenced their successors. It is all so simply described, so clearly arranged, that unlike most books of its kind, it could be taken and read while actually visiting Burlington House. Indeed I can imagine no more attractive way in which to read it a second time. The illustrations placed at the end of the book—though even more would have added greatly to the value of the book for students—are excellent, while an idea of distinct novelty is the chart showing the principal painters of the various schools placed approximately in their respective centuries, linked to the cities of Italy in which the various movements in artistic development were born, and from which they travelled so far afield.

#### A Hauntingly Beautiful Little Story.

"The Whistlers' Room" (Secker, 5s.), by Paul Alverdes, translated from the German by Basil Creighton, is the kind of slight human little story which I defy anyone to read unmoved. It is a tiny gem of literary art. The narration is of the simplest, yet it holds one enthralled all the way through. From beginning to end there breathes from it a beauty which is the sanctity of all human love and sorrow and laughter. In the sense that it passes during the War it is a War book. The scene is a ward of a German hospital. It is a ward reserved solely for special cases. The men lying there have been

wounded in the throat. For a time at any rate it seemed as if they would all recover. But alas! "The process of healing over-stepped the mark; for the bullet-holes were covered over in the inner side of the windpipe by new flesh in such thick rolls and weals that the air passage was speedily blocked and a new channel had to be made to meet this unforeseen threat of suffocation." It is about this tiny community of wounded men that the story is told. We quickly get to know each individual man, to like him, to love him. It is a little world within a world, shut up within itself. The description of this world is extraordinarily intimate, wonderfully vivid. Yet for some time it is shattered by the arrival of another wounded man, a young Englishman. At first the German soldiers are indignant. They will have nothing to do with him. His offers of friendship are ignored. The boy, for he is little more than a boy, wants to share the provisions sent from England among his hostile

comrades. They refuse them. Then gradually the barriers of hostility break down. I have seldom, indeed, read a more moving account than this one of the growing comradeship between the German soldiers and this lonely, unhappy Englishman.

\* \* \*

#### One of the Inevitable Happenings.

In a novel or a comedy, whenever one is introduced into a happy, peaceful bachelor establishment, one knows at once that almost immediately a beautiful young girl will suddenly appear in circumstances which force her to spend the night. Whereupon peace and happiness go out of the window but love comes in at the door—the romantic compensation. It happens again in Winifred Graham's latest novel, "Tumbling out of Windows" (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), and had not the writer switched us off quite soon into the realms of quasi-melodrama I should have quickly begun to suffer from that mental drowsiness which, physically speaking, comes after a surfeit of the usual Christmas dinner. Moreover, Kelham Gore is no exception to the general rule, even in his domestic arrangements. His servants adore him. They always do adore bachelors in books who never trouble about women, but prefer their pipes. Therefore when Faun, the lovely, innocent, truth-loving daughter of Ben Marshal, a man whom Gore had once befriended, suddenly comes on the scene

declaring that she had arrived to meet her future husband, there is more than a merely critical atmosphere in the kitchen. However, poor Gore in a bachelor panic assures Faun that her husband is on the way, but when she learns the truth that he had lied to her, she is very respectably furious. Equally furious is her father, who, his gratitude turned to hatred, bundles his daughter off to a desolate sea-bound mansion. Gore, instead of thanking Heaven, however, is in despair. Humanity always makes the prayer "Peace in our time, O Lord," so difficult to grant; humanity rarely appreciates Peace until they have deliberately lost it. Happily, and at length, a famous actress, who turns out to be Faun's mother, explains the mystery of Ben's outrageous conduct, and so Faun comes back to Gore—she had, of course, loved him all along. For the completion of their mutual happiness it only remains then for Ben to fall out of a window. And he does!

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. iv of this issue



First Girl: Coo—wot price Esmé's noo 'at?  
Second Girl: 'Ow can yer tell it's noo?  
First Girl: Why by the way she wears it at yer!





LADY HILTON YOUNG IN HER STUDIO

Lady Hilton Young, who was formerly Lady Scott, the widow of the gallant Antarctic explorer, Captain Robert Falcon Scott, as the world knows, is a very famous sculptress, and in addition to the beautiful work which she has done where public monuments and war memorials are concerned, has executed many sculptures in the direction of portraiture of famous people. This beautiful memorial statue, seen in the picture taken in Lady Hilton Young's studio, is a masterpiece. The Right Hon. Sir E. Hilton Young, whom she married in 1922, is the member for Sevenoaks. The Hon. Mrs. Valentine Wyndham-Quin, who is with her three children, Ursula, Marjorie, and Pamela, was Miss Marjorie Pretyma, and is the wife of Lieut.-Commander the Hon. Valentine Wyndham-Quin, Lord Dunraven's younger son. Mr. Sojin Kamiyama is a noted Japanese film actor and he linked up with Douglas and Mary Fairbanks and Mr. Noel Coward on their way home to Hollywood from Japan

Right: THE HON.  
MRS. VALENTINE  
WYNDHAM-QUIN  
AND  
HER CHILDREN



Compton Collier



MR. SOJIN KAMIYAMA, "DOUG," "MARY," AND MR. NOEL COWARD





THE COVENTRY XV

R. S. Crisp

The team which beat Northampton at Northampton 8 points to 6 in the recent match which was played in a blizzard. The names, from left to right, are: Back row—A. Wheatley, F. Sanders, A. Carter, W. Saxton, T. Coulson (vice-captain), A. J. Rowley, F. Ford, F. West; front row—R. J. Roberts, T. Mayo, G. Harriman, W. E. Lole (captain), A. Gascoigne, S. Bonham, L. H. Malin

THE county championship, which means so much more in the provinces than it does in London, has made quite good progress this season. There has been little delay from weather, and none at all from the west-country habit of two or three counties finishing level on the first round and so necessitating a start all over again. Gloucestershire beat Cornwall handsomely the other day, and so made themselves undisputed leaders of the south-west. They have now to meet Middlesex in the semi-final, and will, it is announced, play the metropolitan side at Twickenham on February 1. That is the date fixed for the Scotland v. Wales match at Murrayfield, so that some of the Middlesex cracks may be compelled to go north. They will not get much sympathy on that account, however, for the opinion is gaining ground that the English county championships should be reserved for Englishmen. This is the merest common sense, for county matches provide the only means by which a player from a small club can force himself to the front. Moreover there cannot be much *esprit de corps* in a team composed of three or four nationalities, whose only county qualification is usually residence; the enormous advantage of the present mode to Middlesex is only too obvious.

Somerset recently gained a hardly-won victory over Devon at Bridgwater, the most noticeable feature of the game being the record set up by that fine veteran forward, A. Spriggs of Bridgwater. This was his seventy-third appearance for Somerset, a wonderful performance, especially considering that Somerset do not play very many matches in a season. I have an idea that A. Spriggs has figured in trial matches, but he has never played for England, which seems to show that "sentimental" caps do not go west at any rate. Somerset forwards long ago gained a big reputation for themselves, and A. Spriggs is evidently no bad representative to-day of the Hancocks and Sam Woods of thirty years ago and more.

Next Saturday, January 25, France is due to play Ireland at Belfast. This means a terrible journey for the team, especially those from the South of France, where most of their crack forwards hail from. Very often of course several of the men are unable to get the four or five days' leave which this match necessitates. Ten years ago France won decisively in Dublin, and since then have twice been victorious in Paris, but Ireland has won the last six matches off the reel. France will be heartened by their recent triumph over the Scots, but will hardly start favourites at Belfast.

The Irish selectors are faithful to old friends, for there is only one new cap in the team to meet France. Ireland has for the last two or three seasons been early favourites for the championship, and in 1926 and 1927 did succeed in sharing the honours with Scotland, but they have never really done themselves justice. The true reason for that is presumably a certain lack of scoring power—they seem unable to drive their attacks home. At Twickenham last February, for example, they had very much the better of the game, yet they only won by a single point, due to Mark Sugden being presented

## Rugby Ramblings

with a very soft try indeed. Last season Ireland, in four matches, only scored six tries, though as they beat France and England they were probably satisfied. But they ought really to have prevailed against Wales at Belfast.

But if the Irish backs still possess their old attribute of infrequent scoring, the Irish forwards have improved immensely in one particular. Time was when the other nations made up their minds to endure the fire and fury of the Irish pack for half an hour or so, confident that the men could not much longer endure that terrific pace, and would prove easy victims in the later stages. But nowadays all that is changed; the Irish forward has lost little, if any, of the old dash, but he has gained immensely in staying power. He now lasts to the bitter end, and moreover he has learnt a good deal about scrummage work. It took the Irish a long time to recognise the necessity of a hooker and one or two loose forwards, but they have had to do so in the end, and Irish football has certainly benefited.

England has been none too lucky in the matter of injuries to her men this season. T. W. Brown has been in the wars, and his absence from active football probably cost him his place in the national side. G. M. Sladen began late through a damaged knee, and has hardly regained his form. R. W. Smeddle has been operated on for cartilage trouble, and is not at all likely to play again this season.

More important than any of these, however, is H. C. Laird, who has not been himself all the season, but is rapidly regaining both form and confidence. The last time I saw him, in the Harlequins and Blackheath match on that awful Saturday afternoon, he was moving much more freely, and was amongst the best man on the field. As a stand-off half he is still in a class by himself as far as England is concerned, and almost everybody would welcome his return to the side.

Now that we are half-way through the season some of the club records are interesting. One of the most successful teams in the country is Halifax, with only two defeats in twenty-one matches, one of these being from W. F. Browne's team of stars. The London Welsh are easily the best team in town as far as figures are concerned, having won thirteen matches out of fifteen, the two defeats being sustained on their Christmas tour in Wales, when they flew at higher game than is their custom in town. That is not their fault, however; they are naturally anxious to get the best fixtures they can, and it is a pity some of the older clubs cannot oblige.

The London Welsh had the satisfaction of getting two of their men into the Welsh side against England, and an already powerful back division is to be strengthened by the arrival of another new International, A. Hickman, the crack Neath wing, who has come to reside in town.

"LINE-OUT."



"THE SAINTS" NORTHAMPTON XV

R. S. Crisp

Who were beaten by the Coventry in the top picture 8 to 6. The match was played under conditions which were enough to freeze Mount Vesuvius. The names, left to right, are: Back row—B. Toton (referee), M. J. Facer, N. A. York, M. Jelley, V. Watkins, R. J. Longland, J. W. Percival, M. P. Davis, R. Webb, and T. Harris (in mac.); front row—R. Jones, E. E. Haselmere, R. Laverock (vice-captain), W. H. Weston (captain, in mufti), E. Coley, R. Vaughan, W. Green, J. Millward



# AS OTHERS SEE THEM



THE HON. MRS. CARNEGIE

Lieut.-Commander the Hon. Alexander Carnegie's wife was Miss Susan de Rodakowski-Rivers before her marriage, which took place shortly after the Great War. Though she and her husband share a grandfather, the ninth Earl of Southesk, they are only half cousins so to speak, Lady Dora de Rodakowski-Rivers being a half-sister of her daughter's father-in-law, the present Lord Southesk. Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Carnegie have a schoolboy son called Raymond



THE MARCHIONESS  
OF QUEENSBERRY

The camera has made a new study of one of England's leading women portraitists whose fine work, signed by her maiden name of Cathleen Mann, has frequently been on view in London and in America, to which country she is no stranger. Lady Queensberry, a daughter of the distinguished artist Mr. Harrington Mann, married Lord Queensberry as his second wife some four years ago. She has two little girls, the younger a quite recent arrival

*Portraits by Festram Park  
and Hay Wrightson*





MAUD LOTY CHEZ ELLE

Arip

According to the Paris critics Maud Loty can neither sing nor dance, but she is a terrific success in revus, in spite of this condemnation, though a good many people prefer her in straight comedy

**F**ORGIVE me, Très Cher, if this is wildly punctuated by . . . and . . . to say nothing of \* \* \* \* and also ! ! ! ! but I am suffering from an amazing attack of sneezing ! ! ! ! The Biblical brat that made its mark in history by \$ \$ \$ \$ sneezing seven times has nothing to boast about. . . . I sneeze seven times seven (how I hated that multiplication table as a child ! ! ! !), and am then all ready to start again. The reason? I have been ski---atchoo---ing! No ; ; ; ; not Switzerland nor the French-Winter-Sports-places but right here in Paris. There is a new amusing haunt, la Montagne à Paris, to which I have just been introduced, where one can enjoy all the thrills of ski and luge. It even beats the tobogganning-down-stairs-on-the-tea-tray of our childhood ; ; ; ; except, of course, that the tea-tray neck-breaker being forbidden gave it an added joy. This mountain-in-Paris . . . to which we flock, docile Muhammads that we are, is to be found in the rue de l'Université in that circular building, not far from the Pont de l'Alma (Métro and taxis a-plenty), that used to contain a remarkably interesting Panorama of the Great War.

It was a fitting complement to the near-by Musée des Invalides, yet no one ever seemed to go there except lovers in search of solitude, and good little school-children on half holidays. . . . Now the grim pictures of the War have given place to chocolate-box scenes of Alpine snows (sunsets like Neapolitan ices!), while the khakis and horizon blues have taken on the brilliant hues of winter sports attire when winter sports are practised under cover . . . which somehow adds a decidedly, shall I say : : : : musical comedy touch? The scene is gay and bright enough to make anyone happy on these dull, dark winter afternoons, the refreshments are agreeably varied and well served, and I am really nought but an ungracious grumbler . . . to grouch (a euphemism for sneeze), because the artificial snow is largely made of boracic powder that, after a few minutes, sprinkles one's eye-brows and lashes and hairs . . . to say nothing of one's garments (and you cannot imagine the effect on a black Astrakhan coat ! ! ! !) with a laver of white dust that has a most penetrating quality, although the attendants are very handy and assiduous with the whisk-brush.

## Priscilla in Paris

Theatre-goers who remember that dainty, charming, and clever little golden-haired daughter of *le Midi*, whose name was Gaby Deslys, can imagine with what interest and indignation we have been following the attempt made by a certain Hungarian family to lay claim to her fortune which she left to the poor of her natal town—Marseilles. These Hungarians pretended, with a wealth of detailed arguments, that Gaby was really their long-lost daughter. Their obvious good faith impressed a certain number of people who did not know Gaby, but her intimate friends were aware that no Hungarian, no matter how good a linguist, could ever have imitated the real Gaby's enchanting little southern accent. The idea was grotesque and exasperating. You can guess therefore how relieved everyone was when the missing daughter came forward and refuted the plea of exchanged identity that her family, believing her to be dead, had put forward. I met Gaby in New York just before the War, when she was playing at the Winter Garden. I made a bad break at that first interview by blurring out that, as a schoolgirl, I had seen her photograph in a London periodical of that time called "The Play Pictorial," and had so fallen in love with her that I had "chucked afternoon-school" one day in order to go and see her at a matinée performance of a musical comedy at the Gaiety (I believe) in which she represented "The Charm of Paris!" Now this was a particularly awkward thing to say to a lovely creature so young as Gaby still was at that time . . . . \*

Of course she must have been a mere babe at the time of the London appearance to which I am referring . . . certainly not more than seventeen or eighteen. I remember that she wore a bathing-dress of black crêpe de chine embroidered with coral-hued star-fish, and black silk socks that were considered tremendously daring. Needless to say the rest of her charming figure was encased in those awful things known as "fleshings," for we did not go about the stage with bare limbs and half-bare bodies in those days. Gaby Deslys' surviving sister, who still lives with her mother, Madame Caire at Marseilles, was also on the stage in Paris before the War. She was then known as Matilde Kerville and renowned for her gorgeous jewels. When she was playing in revue at the Olympia these jewels were always kept in a portable jewel-case that was in reality almost a small safe. It had a burglar alarm, a sort of electric alarm attachment that would go off if any one touched the table on which it stood. The great game of the rest of the members of the company was to attract the dresser's attention elsewhere, get into "Matichon's" dressing-room and start the alarm while the actress was on the stage and rush to the wings to see the wonderful hash she then made of her rôle! Devils . . . what? But rather funny!—PRISCILLA.



PARISYS AND FRIEND

Arip

Parisys of the golden locks and of the Concert Mayol, combining physical jerks with—perhaps—a bit of dentistry. She is one of the little people Paris likes





*Manasse, Vienna*

### THE LATEST BALL-ROOM SPECIALISTS

LY WALKER AND HARRY WELLS FROM U.S.A.

Vienna, where they know quite a bit about the light fantastic, has said that the lissome Ly Walker and her dancing partner, Harry Wells, are the last word in perfection in ball-room dancers, and also as cabaret and revue turns, and gave them a good send-off to Paris, where they are completing a contract before coming on to London





MRS. SATTERTHWAITE AND LORD AND LADY CECIL DOUGLAS

At the Monte Country Club cocktail bar—a most popular spot. Lord Cecil Douglas is as keen on the lawn-tennis game as even Mrs. Satterthwaite. Lady Cecil Douglas is one of the most attractive people on the Riviera, and is a daughter of Mr. De Vere Fenn

Rally first, because it really does seem to me to be a vastly interesting affair. There are nearly a hundred and twenty cars entered by now, and they and their drivers are starting from every conceivable part of Europe. The Hon. Mrs. Bruce, for instance, is off to Sundswall, in Scandinavia, where she will start from the most northerly point ever yet attempted in any of the previous rallies. It will be remembered that poor Mrs. Bruce had very bad luck last year and got completely snowed up, having to spend a night in the car *en route*, and it is to be hoped that she will have better luck this year as she is one of the pluckiest of women drivers. I hear that Lady Cecil Douglas and the Hon. Mrs. Chetwynd are also amongst the starters, but I do not know if this is definitely so. One competitor who will take a lot of accounting for will certainly be Caracciola, the German champion, who drove so amazingly well in the 'five hours' motor race through the streets of Monte Carlo last April. Another entrant is Prince Adolphe of Schaumburg-Lippe, who wears a monocle and always looks immaculate even after the most protracted of journeys, while I hear that Baroness Reynicek, the German lawn tennis "ace," is getting a lift in one of the cars coming from Berlin, and no less than twenty-seven English competitors are starting from John o' Groats. There are entries from Lisbon, San Sebastian, Trieste, Brussels, Budapest, Gibraltar, Glasgow, Land's End, Paris, London, Munich, and even Salonika.

Our other attraction, "Bill" Tilden, has really proved a great draw at the Country Club, and there has been a big crowd out there every day to see him polish off his victims in true Wimbledon style. Karel Kozeluh, who incidentally is defending his own title of

## Our Riviera Letter

MY DEAR TATLER,—This week there seem to be three main topics of conversation on the Riviera. The Automobile Rally at Monte Carlo, Lord Derby's presentation at Cannes, and the long-looked-for appearance of William Tilden in the lawn tennis tournament at the New Country Club. As I am staying in Monte Carlo at the moment, having arrived back from Cannes only yesterday, I feel that I must deal with the Motor

Professional Champion of France next week at Beaulieu, comes over in the mornings to give Tilden a little practice, and I must say they play some stupendously fine tennis together. Apart from his lawn tennis, Tilden's great pastime is contract bridge, and he sits up late each evening absolutely enthralled in the game, while even in the daytime, when he is not actually on the courts he is playing in the club-house just above. I have only seen him

once in the Sporting Club, and so far he seems singularly immune from the usual gambling fever, which generally attacks newcomers to Monte Carlo so severely. "Toto" Brugnon, that popular member of France's "big four," is playing also, while Miss Ryan, Mrs. Satterthwaite, and Fräulein Aussem are amongst the ladies competing. There are plenty of new people at the Sporting Club, although quite a number of the New Year visitors have moved on. Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam, for instance, are off to Madeira, the Grand Duke Dmitri and Princess Illinskaia have gone back to Paris for a while, the Hon. Evelyn Fitzgerald and his wife are back in London, and the Hon. Mrs. Fellowes and her husband are, I hear, off very shortly on board the *Sister Anne* to Egypt. It is interesting to hear that the Duke of Westminster, who is cruising at the moment on board his lovely yacht, the *Flying Cloud*, and is at Corfu, is expected back at Monte Carlo next week, and his very pretty fiancée, Miss Loelia Ponsonby, is amongst the guests on board.

Lady Forbes was one of the handsomest women in the Sporting Club last night, and she wore a really lovely dark purple frock with a huge bunch of violets on the shoulder, which suited her colouring exactly. Mrs. Marion Crawford is another very pretty woman who is always much admired, while I noticed Mrs. Fellowes (in a perfectly beautiful black chiffon frock) and Mrs. Arthur Bendir (in white, with a wonderful ruby and diamond necklace which everyone was admiring). Sir John Aird is a well-known visitor to Monte Carlo and is back here after an absence of some considerable time, while Mr. Richard le Gallienne and his wife have just arrived, also Mlle. Lya de Putti, who is really very beautiful to look at.—Yours, CAROLINE.



M. BRUGNON, Mlle. ADAMOFF, AND MR. CRAWSHAY WILLIAMS

Little Mlle. Adamoff is France's "white hope" amongst her girl players, and may be a future "Suzanne," as she nearly beat Miss Ryan last week in the semi-final at Monte Carlo. Mr. Crawshay-Williams is the well-known author and playwright



THE LIGHT FANTASTIC AT ALASSIO

A group at the Palace Hotel Ball at that delectable place on the Italian Riviera, Alassio. The names are: Miss Boar, Mr. Lush, Miss S. Gregson, Mr. J. Kemball, Miss B. Kemball, and Mr. Willie Isaac



# THE PLAY'S THE THING, AT GLEN TANAR



ALL PRESENT AND CORRECT: THE CAST OF "TRIAL BY JURY"

Amateur theatricals were recently engrossing the attentions of Lord and Lady Glentanar and their house-party assisted by neighbouring dramatic talent. Their programme included a presentation of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Trial by Jury," an ambitious undertaking which was crowned with success. In the front row of this group (left to right) are: The Hon. Godfrey Corbett (Counsel for Defendant), Mr. R. A. Gilles (Foreman of the Jury), Lady Janet Montgomery (Bridesmaid), Major Ian Hay Beith (Usher), Lady Myrtle Jellicoe (Bridesmaid), Mr. Norman Dain (Learned Judge), Mrs. R. Sherbrooke (Plaintiff), Lord Glentanar (Counsel for Plaintiff), Miss Leicester-Warren (Bridesmaid), Mr. T. Skeffington-Smyth (Defendant), and Miss Joan FitzClarence (Bridesmaid). Lady Glentanar is fourth from the right in the back row. Miss B. Mackenzie was the producer



AN ENCOUNTER AT "THE BATH-ROOM DOOR"

Mr. T. Skeffington-Smyth produced "The Bath-room Door," and played the part of the Young Man. Others in this group are: Major Patrick Baynon as the Elderly Gentleman, the Hon. Mrs. Godfrey Corbett as the Elderly Lady, Lady Glentanar as the Young Lady, Mrs. Ian Hay Beith as the Prima Donna, and Mr. Roger Moncrieff as the Boots. All the actors did full justice to Gertrude Jennings' amusing comedy, and Lord and Lady Glentanar received a mass of congratulations on the triumphant success of their theatrical undertaking, which was in aid of the Scottish Fishing Fleet Disaster Fund. The Laird of Glen Tanar and his exceedingly attractive Norwegian wife are both very popular in Aberdeenshire

Photographs by Bisset



# THE PASSING SHOWS

"A Warm Corner," at the Princes Theatre

"A NEW farce in three acts . . ." It can't be done croaks the hardened critic, wending his way unhelpfully to the Princes to see *A Warm Corner*, by Messrs. Arthur Wimperis and Lauri Wylie (not to mention Mr. Leslie Henson the producer, and Mr. W. H. Berry, the principal comedian) from the original of Franz Arnold and Ernst Bach. It can't be done, because farce is as old as the hills (or the Palais Royal), and just as unchanging. It never will be done, because the plots are the same, the people are the same, and the situations only differ to agree on one point—man's infidelity to woman, actual or implied. Ah well, we know all about farce.

The average "Palais Royal" type, so heavily anglicised that all the French beans or Viennese pastry have been knocked out of it, can be as tiresome and depressing as the wireless pundit who discourses on the Year's Rainfall, or the foundations of Fretwork, just when you are in a mood for Jack Paine's dance band.

I could mention farces, if I rummaged among my old programmes, which have survived but a few nights and filled my tolerant bosom with ennui and malice. I could mention others which proclaim me a lowbrow among lowbrows. For

I take it that farce to a highbrow is a pain in the elbow.

Now a sense of beauty is a gift from Heaven; to be fastidious is a mental virtue as well as a bodily grace. Life without some intermittent flashes of beauty would be a dire and dreary thing. To read great books, enjoy beautiful things, see great plays—that is balm to the sensitised soul. They call it "uplift" in America. The trouble about our super-intelligents is that they go to the theatre hoping against hope to find the sublime and come away with a grievance because they are not satisfied by the ridiculous. But let them remember that an acute sense of the ridiculous is a peculiar trait of English humour, and that contrast and variety are the salt of existence. It is odd how often the faculty of feeling or creating beauty goes hand-in-hand with a taste for honest vulgarity. To sigh in perpetual ecstasy with the sophisticated is but a higher form of monotony. What adds to its piquancy is the ability to laugh loudly, not to say coarsely, with the man-in-the-street.

*A Warm Corner* is high-speed piffle of the most extravagant kind, but you have to laugh. It is full of puns and musical-comedy back-chat. In fact it isn't, properly speaking, a farce at all, but a musical comedy of the *Stop-Flirting* calibre, without music. The plot is



FIDDLE AND I

Count Toscani (Mr. Kim Peacock) drops his title and picks up an heiress

NEDMAN



MR. CORNER IN A WARM CORNER

The flighty proprietor of Corner's corn-plasters (Mr. W. H. Berry) signs the Lido hotel-register as Pickles—christian name, Heinz

the old story of an elderly *nouveau riche* getting compromised by an impecunious young ass who has married a chorus girl without the consent or knowledge of his uncle.

The uncle, who is rich (he always is) arrives unexpectedly (he always does) at a sybaritic hotel on the Lido. The nephew, who is just about to be ejected by the manager for failure to pay his young wife's bills, pretends he is not married at all (he always does). Uncle persuades him to hurry back to England that very night, and promises him £5,000 if he proposes to a marriageable heiress.

Meanwhile the father of the heiress, Mr. Charles Corner, proprietor of Corner's corn-plasters, arrives on the scene and behaves in the traditional giddy manner of middle-aged husbands on the Continent. The ex-chorus girl endures his kisses

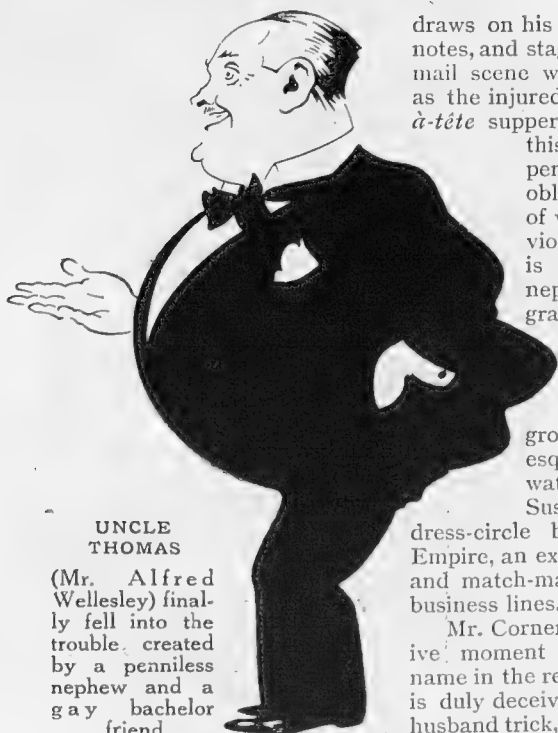


FUN IN A FEUDAL CASTLE

The hostess (Miss Connie Ediss) discovers an uninvited guest (Mr. Austin Melford) in trouble on the carpet. The young man has come to propose to her daughter and is faced with bigamy when the girl says "Yes"

NEDMAN





UNCLE THOMAS

(Mr. Alfred Wellesley) finally fell into the trouble created by a penniless nephew and a gay bachelor friend

returns to his feudal castle in England (Act 2), all the *dramatis personæ* of the Lido embroglio turn up and create further complications.

Lady Bayswater has brought the titled violinist, followed by the Count, his uncle, to try his luck with the charming Miss Corner. The blackmailing Peter has come to launch his proposal and earn the £5,000. His wife is there to prompt him at the right moment.

Mr. Corner is in a hole. Everybody keeps telling his better half the excruciatingly funny story of an old fool on the Lido called Pickles. Mrs. Corner gets so suspicious that Mr. Corner is only saved by the astuteness of his supper-partner. Mimi propounds the brilliant idea of getting everybody to swear that Pickles is none other than Peter's uncle, Mr. Thomas Turner of the Prickles, Nettlebed, Bucks. Lady Bayswater will swear to it because Mr. Corner is well aware of her past; the Count, who ought to be in jail for uttering a dud cheque, will swear anything; the violinist will do likewise because he has fallen for Peggy Corner and she for him; while Peter will perjure his soul and his uncle in exchange for a job in the corn-cure business at £3,000 a year plus commission. And so does one warm Corner evade another.

With or without music, this bundle of the wildest nonsense is irresistibly comic. It is out to get laughs and it gets them. Mr. Henson, who knows his business down to the last grimace, has seen to that. You can recognise his methods in the nimble flow of musical-comedy business and musical-comedy back-chat. Which of the jokes are his, which are Mr. W. H. Berry's, and which are the author's is a matter of guessing. It does not matter. You have to laugh and keep on laughing, even against your better judgment.

"How long have you worn cami-knickers?" demands Uncle Thomas Turner (Mr. Alfred Wellesley) of Nephew Peter (Mr. Austin Melford), running through the pile of Mimi's bills which Peter is pretending are his. "Oh, about down to there!" replies Peter, and goes on to explain that he has been obliged to do a little shopping because, for one thing, he needed a whippier shaft in his tooth-brush. The item of silk night-gowns, he explains, is his own. Mosquitoes are so difficult in pyjamas, whereas in a nightie

draws on his unlimited pile of notes, and stages a little blackmail scene with her husband as the injured party at a *tête-à-tête* supper. The waiter on this occasion is a penniless count obliged to do a job of work. The hotel violinist, also broke, is the Count's nephew with the grace to renounce his title and fiddle for a living. Hovering in the background is the statuesque Lady Bayswater, formerly Susie Potts of the dress-circle bar at the old Empire, an expert in blackmail and match-making on strictly business lines.

Mr. Corner, who in a sportive moment has signed his name in the register as Pickles, is duly deceived by the angry husband trick, and parted from more of his money. When he

one just shoos them out.

"Is King Arthur in?" demands Mr. Melford, entering the feudal castle which Mr. Berry bought because the bottom of the drawbridge, when raised, constituted an excellent poster-site for the new slogan describing Corner's corn-plasters as "the pilgrim's progress without the Bunion."

Other features of the place may be gathered from Mr. Berry's request that his spouse (Miss Connie Ediss) should show Lady Bayswater (whom he naturally addresses as Boosewater) not only "the vineries and the pineries but the swineries" as well. If wanted he would be "with Lady Blotto in the grotto" or

"in the Japanese garden smelling the jiu-jitsu." Did Mr. Turner mind if he smoked? He didn't care a hoot if he burst into flames. Did anyone mention pickles? Mr. Berry would pickle him, "the God-forgotten gherkin." Were the oysters from his own beds? Possibly, but in that case the latter were not properly aired. Anyway, Mr. Berry was not one of those "weak men who take strong women for week-ends." And so *ad infinitum*.

These jokes belong to the Gaiety or the Winter Garden; they do not flourish in ordinary farce. But this one is produced by Mr. Henson and acted by principals to whom musical comedy is second nature. On the whole it seems a pity that the music has been omitted. Mr. Percival Mackay's Rhythmical Revellers were ready and willing, as the intervals proved. A light and jazzy score and a small chorus, as in *Peggy Ann*, would have given a more legitimate air to the business of laughter-making.

Mr. Berry, sublimely unhampered by the absence of a row of medals, a gent's boater with the propensities of an opera hat, or a topical song in waltz time, is in superb form. Miss Connie Ediss (may her shadow never grow less) delivers her malaprop bon-mots with an air of sententious gusto which custom cannot stale.

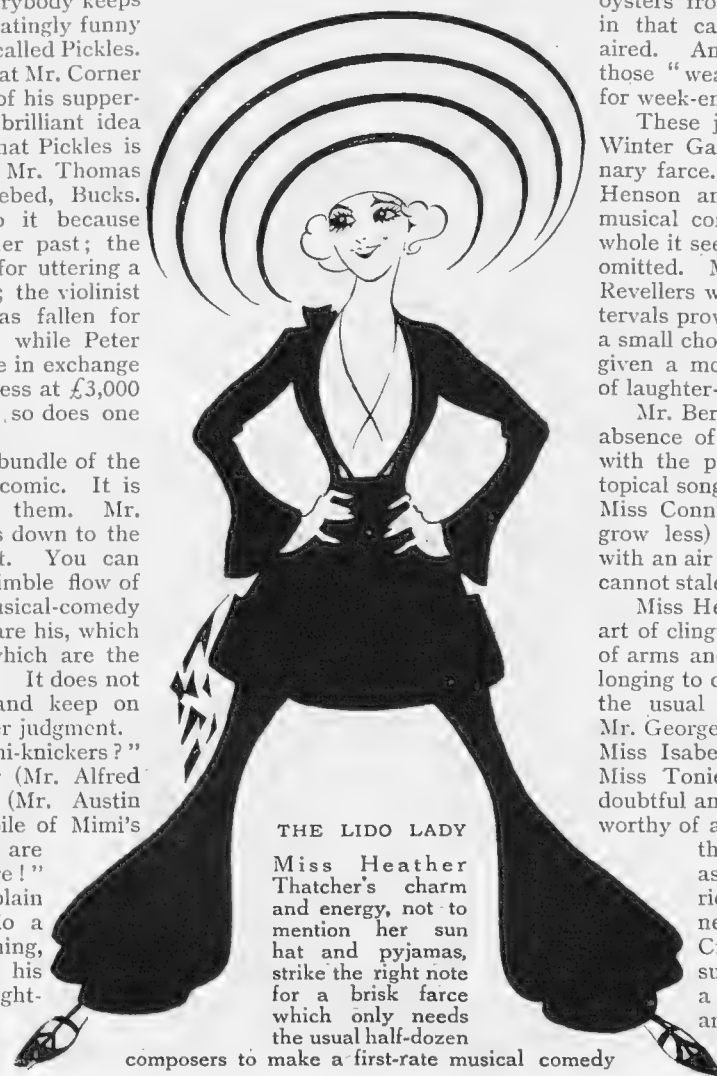
Miss Heather Thatcher demonstrates the art of clinging and deception with an abandon of arms and legs which suggests that she is longing to dance. Mr. Austin Melford passes the usual tests of asininity with honours; Mr. George de Warfaz is immensely foreign; Miss Isabel Wilford is a charming ingénue; Miss Tonie Bruce belies Lady Bayswater's doubtful antedecedents with a display of hauteur worthy of a duchess; Mr. Kim Peacock plays the lover and the fiddle with easy assurance; Mr. Alfred Wellesley's rich uncle has the necessary breeziness and bluster; while Mr. Henry Crocker's face of gloom is eminently suited to the rôle of family butler in a castle with thirty-six bedrooms and a moat plentifully stocked with halibut at owner's orders.

"TRINCULO."



"COMING SARE"

Pathetic picture of an aristocrat, Count Pasetti, of the stumour cheque book (Mr. George de Warfaz) compelled to do a job of work



THE LIDO LADY

Miss Heather Thatcher's charm and energy, not to mention her sun hat and pyjamas, strike the right note for a brisk farce which only needs the usual half-dozen

composers to make a first-rate musical comedy





## "NARCOTIC DREAMS"

*By Paul Mak*

One of the beautiful works in line by the Russian artist, Paul Mak, included in his noted exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. Paul Mak is a cadet of a noble Russian family, and was educated at the Moscow Gymnasium, on leaving which he studied art professionally under Professor Yuon. He then went to the Russian Military Academy at Kiev. In the War he served in the Russian cavalry and was badly wounded. When the Bolshevik Revolution broke out he was arrested and imprisoned to await execution. A sketch he made of the Governor of the prison saved his life, as the Moujik considered that even though he was a bourgeois he might do something for Russian art. It is fortunate that the artist found a sitter at that very hectic moment



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## THE BURNING OF THE WITCH

*By Harry Rountree*





THE OLD BRIDGE *by Chas. Pears, R.C.A.*

FLATFORD BRIDGE

The first bridge was a plank of wood across a stream; this developed into something like Flatford Bridge—an elaboration of the plank. Then came the stone bridge, an example of which is New Bridge, built so narrow that only one wagon could pass at a time; the buttresses were hollow at the top and used as shelter for foot passengers, wherein they squeezed in safety as the wagon passed over the bridge. Upon some bridges we find a chapel, and this, like the houses which were built on bridges, provided revenue for

the upkeep of the bridge. In these days of arterial roads and increased motor traffic, many of these old bridges have had to be widened, and so loved is the old bridge that great effort has been made to do it well, and keep the old bridge with its fine character rather than build the new which is not to the taste of those who love the countryside. New things attract on lichen, and those stains and crumbles which beautify are a long time a-coming



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## JEWELS

*From the picture by W. G. de Glehn, R.A.*

Exhibited in last year's Academy



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# FILM STARS IN THEIR COURSES



MISS ANITA PAGE



ROD LA ROCQUE AND RITA LA ROY IN "THE DELIGHTFUL ROGUE"



MISS EVA ROSITA

Pretty Anita Page is in the latest thing in "Aske Spots" from Hollywood, where almost all the year round the Summery type of dress is possible. The trimmings and buttons of this pretty frock are red. Her real name is Anita Pomara and she was born in New York in 1911, and made her debut on the screen in 1928 in a leading part for the Kenilworth Productions, financed by the famous Harry K. Thaw. She then went to Hollywood and has never looked back after her first big film there, "He Learned About Women." Rod La Rocque, who married Vilma Banky, and Rita La Roy are in the new talkie, "The Delightful Rogue," and the picture shows one of the hero's "delightful" ways. Rod La Rocque was born of French-English parentage in Omaha in 1898 and was not an instantaneous success on the films as it took producers some time to find out what a good actor he really was. Eva Rosita is one of the exotic ladies in "Rio Rita," which continues to have a big success at the Tivoli, in the Strand, and is based on the American musical comedy of the same name



# ON WITH THE DANCE TWO MORE HUNT BALLS



DORSET HUNTS BALL: Left to right—Lady Digby, Mr. Jowitt, Lady Bridgett Poulett, Lord Digby, and Lady Mary Lygon



DORSET HUNTS BALL: Left to right—Lady Bridgett Poulett, Major Gundry, and Lady Poulett



DORSET HUNTS BALL: Colonel C. M. S. Henning and Lady Ilchester



THE WEST KENT HUNT BALL: Left to right, sitting—Mr. Scrope, Miss Homan, Mr. James Russell, Miss D. Evans, Mr. George Wilmot, and Miss Johnson; standing—Arthur Martin, George Frosdick, and Mr. K. K. Homan

The Dorset Hunts Ball was held at the Corn Exchange, Dorchester, and, as these popular fixtures always do, drew a big and very persevering field which neither pace nor distance could defeat. Lord Digby, who is in one of the groups, has his seat at Minterne House, Cerne Abbas, Dorset. He used to be in the Coldstream and married Lord Aberdare's youngest daughter, whose sisters are Lady Bradford and Lady Rosebery. Lady Bridgett Poulett is Lord Poulett's sister. Lady Mary Lygon is one of Lord and Lady Beauchamp's daughters. Lady Ilchester is Lord Londonderry's sister. The West Kent Ball was held at the Wildernes Country Club, Sevenoaks, and quite the right atmosphere was introduced by having the hunt servants. Arthur Martin is first whip and K.H., and George Frosdick second whip. The famous John Warde used to hunt a good bit of this country. Mr. George Wilmot is the popular secretary of Lingfield, and Mr. K. K. Homan and Miss D. Evans are to be married at the Brompton Oratory on the 30th





Yevonde

## LORD AND LADY DERWENT

The present Lady Derwent, who was married recently, was the Comtesse Sabine Czaykowska, and is a daughter of General Iliesco, former Chief of Staff of the Rumanian Army, and of Madame Iliesco of 12, Rue Alexandre, Lahovary, Bucharest. The present Lord Derwent succeeded his uncle, the second peer, in 1929, and is a son of the late Hon. Edward Henry Vanden-Bempde-Johnstone, who was the second son of the first Lord Derwent. Lord Derwent's family seat is Hackness Hall, Scarborough



## SOCIAL ITEMS IN A SPORTING DIARY



Lady Curzon gave one of her ever-popular and excellent shoots at Hackwood, near Basingstoke, recently, and in the right foreground are seen some of the slain. Numbering off, left to right of the picture, the names are: Lord Carnarvon, the Hon. L. S. Montagu, Lord Swaythling's uncle, Lord Wimborne, Colonel the Hon. F. Cripps, Lady Curzon, and Lord Cochrane of Cults

LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON'S SHOOT AT HACKWOOD



LORD AND LADY BELPER AND THE HON. LAVINIA STRUTT



MR. ROMER WILLIAMS AND LORD ALTHORP



MAJOR CARLOS CLARKE AND HIS DAUGHTER, DIANA

With the exception of the centre one, the pictures at the bottom of this page were taken at the Hunter Trials for the Young Brigade at Craven Lodge, Melton Mowbray. Mr. Romer Williams, who is eighty-one and has hunted since he was eleven, and Lord Althorp, Lord and Lady Spencer's little boy, were with the Pytchley, the Spencer "family" pack, whose Masters and hunt servants wear the Spencer "Padua scarlet"—really a dark-clarety colour. Mr. Romer Williams is the best-known judge of a horse in all England, and is Chairman of the Hurst Park Race-course Company. The children's trials at Melton are always most popular and attract an enthusiastic entry. The Hon. Lavinia Strutt is Lord Belper's daughter by his first marriage, rides extremely well, and is quite often out with the Whaddon



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## Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

upon having written something which must arrest the attention of all of us, for his story deals with the problem of the Beyond, and is treated by the author with a very charming and delicate touch. We find two doctors waiting for their patient to die. He is past all human aid and they have given him up. This patient was a man who had hunted, shot, and lived the life customary to the country squire, and he had lost a much-loved wife, a son, and a dog to which he was devoted. He was a great reader and a student of metaphysics, and he was very certain and very happy in his belief that he would win through to the gates of the Land of Reunion if only he believed. The doctors being materialistic persons scout the man's beliefs. They go upstairs, to find that he has gone on his journey to that place of peace and happiness. The latter half of the book tells us of his journey and how, despite the marshy lake and all obstructions, the slimy things which clung about his legs, and the dark waters in which he was nearly submerged, he went on and he won to the gate of the garden of sunshine. The concluding sentence gives us the keynote to the author's story: "If we can only train our minds to be in sympathy with all the beautiful in life, and so ignore the mean and sordid elements, then surely we can look ahead with equanimity or even delight to any future state which may have been ordained for us."

\* \* \*

It is good news to learn that all goes on well with the International polo ponies which are under Captain Maurice Kingscote's charge near Pinkney, in Wilts, and will do their early work at the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club ground. The Beaufort P.C. has a big programme for the spring, for the International team will do all their practising there in March and April and play their eliminating trials. The club's eighty boxes are already booked up, and every available standing for a horse in the country round. The Goulburn team from Australia are sending their twenty-six ponies there at the end of February to be conditioned, and the Ashtons go there soon after and will play through April and in the Spring Tournament. The grounds have done well and should be better than ever.

It is the Club's aim to supply what has hitherto been the great want in English polo—plenty of well drained, quick-

ly-drying grounds. Captain Kingscote being so busy with the International ponies is compelled to curtail his hunting energies this season, and is sending half-a-dozen of his hunters to Tattersalls on the 20th. Anyone who knows how Captain Kingscote goes to hounds does not need to be told the kind of steed these horses are.

Clansman II, Pride II, and Mabel are "extra."



Victor Hey

MR. AND MRS. GEOFFREY UNWIN

At a recent meet of the Derwent at Sandyhead, Scarborough, Mr. Unwin, who is also well known in the racing world, got his Rugger Blue when he was at Oxford, and also got his International cap



LADY DESBOROUGH AND HER GRANDCHILDREN, JULIAN AND ROSEMARY SALMOND

A charming little picture which was taken at Panshanger, Lord Desborough's Hertfordshire seat, and the sofa is the children's great-great-grandmother's, Lady Palmerston's. Lord and Lady Desborough's elder daughter married Air-Marshal Sir John Salmond

THE brilliant brain which engineered the pageantry at the recent royal wedding in Rome, and which represented almost every phase of Italian national life, not forgetting a squad of toughs from Eritrea, nevertheless missed one or two very great chances. Why were Romulus and Remus and their pet wolf left out? Why were Castor and his brother Pollux—the Messrs. Hope Brothers of their epoch—not there? Where, again, were Aeneas and his star "walk out," Queen Dido; Horace with his book of verse and flask of Falernian, the Roman counterpart of Omar Khayyám's easily-pleased hero; that other Horatius, the great contract bridge exponent; Julius Cæsar, making his rather provocative remarks about the division of France; False Sextus with a good Roman broadsword stuck in his back; Lars Porsena doing that priceless swearing act by his nine gods; Nero and his fiddle, the precursor of Verdi and Donizetti and, as some wags will have it, of the organ-grinding industry; that beaky person, Ovidius (other name, Naso); Balbus, the well-known bricklayer; Marcus Antonius and his girl friend; Caligula and his tight boots; Brutus, the Gandhi of his times; Julia, the lady who (according to the public school Latin Grammar—early folios) caused such havoc amongst the lads of the village, for was she not always "about to be loved"? Where was that counterpart of a modern self-elected poetess, the Lady Librarian who kept the Sybilline Books? Where the lean Cassius, who so greatly resembled a picturesque Clyde-sider of whom the caricaturists, at any rate, are so exceedingly fond? It does appear to the mere onlooker that in any pageant designed to represent the brave days of Rome, past and present, most of these ladies and gentlemen I have mentioned have a perfectly legitimate grouse at being left out of the picture. What a scheme for a pageant, however, if done on popular and up-to-date lines my quite inadequate list suggests!

\* \* \*  
"The Avenue of Beeches" (T. Werner Laurie, Ltd.) is a short story published in book form the author of which is Mr. H. M. Budgett, the Master of the Bicester hounds. I think Mr. Budgett is to be much congratulated





their views on every subject are individual and lively on the latest topics; but some things are settled beyond discussion, and one of these is that the soda water which enlivens so many other liquids must be

# “Schweppe”

THE ORIGINAL  
SODA WATER



Also order SCHWEPPE'S GINGER ALE, CIDER, GINGER BEER, TONIC WATER, LEMON SQUASH, ORANGE SQUASH, Etc.



# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

THE four-year-old boy, perched on his father's knee in the crowded bus, looked hard at the stout, gaudily-dressed woman as she bustled in and edged herself into the only seat left, and then he turned to his mother.

"Mum," he said loudly, "it's a lady."

"Hush, dear," his mother said, "we know it is."

The little boy looked puzzled. "But, mummy," he said, "you just said to dad, 'Whatever's this object coming in?'"

\* \* \*

At a large brewery there were notices everywhere, "No Smoking." The managing director of the brewery was walking across the yard and noticed a man smoking. He informed him that he would not allow smoking, and asked the man what his wages were. "Two pounds ten a week," answered the culprit. "Here is a week's wages," said the manager, "now get out." An hour or two later he returned and saw the man still there. "What are you doing here?" he asked. "Didn't I sack you a short time ago?" "I'm sorry, sir," said the man, "but you can't sack me. I work for the railway company."



MISS KIKU-KO TOKUGAWA

Who will shortly be one of the central figures in an imposing and colourful ceremony, for she is to marry Prince Takamatsu, the brother of the Emperor of Japan. The wedding is to take place next month



MADELINE CARROLL

*Dorothy Wilding*

The lively and charming leading lady in the revived "French Leave," Reginald Berkeley's lighter-side-of-war play at the Vaudeville, which gives her her first big stage part. Miss Carroll has already established herself a firm favourite with film fans. She is a B.A. of Birmingham University

An old lady of Scottish extraction became very ill, and at length, much against her will, she was persuaded to call in a doctor. The doctor told her that she must have injured her back in some way, and that he would return next morning and paint her back with iodine. She eventually got well again, and also eventually received the doctor's bill—for 7s. 6d. This amount she considered excessive, and the next time she saw the doctor she asked him why the charge was so heavy. "But my good lady," he replied, "I had to paint your back with iodine."

"Yes, I know you did," she replied; "but I got my whole scullery painted for half-a-crown."

\* \* \*

The man with the thin legs had just joined the local Territorials and was feeling very pleased with his new uniform, his puttees, and himself. Also he was delighted to note the attention he was attracting.

One fellow, more daring than the rest, asked him his name.

"John Bullock," he said.

"Ah," said the inquisitive one. "That explains it!"

"Explains what?"

"Why, I was wondering where your calves had got to; but now I understand—bullocks don't have calves!"

\* \* \*

A Sunday-school teacher asked the boys and girls of her class to hold up their hands if they wished to go to Heaven. All the children held up their hands except one cross-looking boy.

"Well, Teddy, surely you want to go to Heaven!" exclaimed the teacher.

Teddy gazed round scornfully at the rest of the class. "Not with that lot!" he muttered,

\* \* \*

An errand-boy asked for a job at a fishmonger's. He could do mental arithmetic he said, so the tradesman put him through his paces.

"What would twenty pounds of salmon be at 3d. per pound?" was the question.

"Bad," was the reply.





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"Few modern improvements in pharmacy have done so much as Benger's Food to assist the physician in his treatment of the sick." — "*Medical Press and Circular*."

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OBSERVED AND OBSERVING

Bale

Lady Beatty with her brother-in-law, Major Vandy Beatty, and the Hon. Mrs. Vandy Beatty, at a Fernie fixture. Lady Beatty has a family interest in both the Pychley and the Fernie, for her son, Captain Ronald Tree, is Joint Master of the former and her nephew by marriage, Captain Edmonstone, is Joint Master of the latter

## Tale of Woe.

IN my expressions with regard to the qualities of modern motor-cars I shall in future be more guarded than ever, for I am beginning to find—and that to an unpleasantly increasing degree—that I have only to wax enthusiastic for Fate to give me a swot over the head with that brutal kind of weapon that Fate always wields. Thus the other day, within an hour of my having sententiously delivered myself of the statement that electric-lighting systems of cars, when looked after fairly well, practically never went wrong, I found myself with neither illumination nor ignition, but faced with the problem of re-making a disgustingly corroded battery terminal, well hidden under disgustingly dirty floor-boards, and all in the disgusting darkness of the night. This occurrence, not by any means the first of its kind in my variegated motoring career, ought to have taught me a lesson. But it did not. This very last week I heedlessly asserted that “there was not much the matter with the 1930 car. It would, of course, in 1950 be looked upon as a ghastly crudity . . . but taken all round, it gave very little trouble.” This pearl of wisdom was cast somewhat after midnight and at the close of one of those invigorating little parties that make you forget all your troubles. Very well. What happened? The opening of the front door disclosed the fact that a lively blizzard was in full action. The starting-up of the wind-screen wiper disclosed the fact that it had lost an essential screw and was absolutely incapable of working. And the ringing up a service station that is supposed to be open at all hours disclosed the fact that it wasn’t. For sheer discomfort commend me to driving through driving sleet without a screen-wiper. Obviously that was not to be endured for a whole thirty-mile run; so I made plans to get the trouble corrected. And here I was exceptionally lucky, for at the club I ran into one who had in his waistcoat pocket a screw that fitted to perfection. A “good fairy” he was, but there was a “bad fairy” knocking round too, and if I had known that fact I would not have started home quite so gaily. Right smack in the middle of the Great West Road Extension, “flop” went a back tyre. Out I got with a cheerful “We’ll soon put this right; you stay where you are!” and was nearly knocked over by a tornado of

## Petrol Vapour

By W. G. ASTON.

wind and a drenching barrage of freezing rain. Oh, it was a topping night to be *en panne*, and it was most encouraging to think that the nearest possibility of help was quite seven miles away. The first spare wheel proved to be flat, but the Lord be thanked, there was a second, and that was fairly full of air. The jack was mounted with miraculous celerity from out of the toolbox. I wish I could say it was as promptly placed in position. I feel somehow that I ought to have done better, though, heaven knows, I did my best, using every bit of experience, every trick that could be brought to aid. Yet it was ten wind-buffed soaking minutes before that axle consented to rise . . . and then, with the jack fully extended, it was still an inch too low. It is a sweet experience to kneel—yes, it came to that—in a puddle, ruining one’s best overcoat and evening trousers what time, with infinite patience, one gropes in the narrow passage between the petrol tank and the mud-guard, and with no possible chance of getting a safe light on the subject. But at last the impossible task was accomplished. Peace reigned, for I had said all that I could lay my tongue to. After that of course the putting on of the wheel was mere child’s play. I mean it might have been for Signor Carnera, but it was not so easy for me—the darn thing *wouldn’t* go on. It kept on nearly going on, and then it would fall off. If the hub had been a little bit longer, or the studs a little bit longer, everything would have been different. But I was unable to add even a fraction of a cubit to their length. Just about twenty minutes of this struggle brought me to a pitch of nervous exhaustion; I saw myself fighting with that wheel, round after round, for the whole blessed night. Meanwhile the wind tore and whistled at me, and the sleet wetted me both within and without. At last there came along another belated motorist. I hand-signalled without compunction, and this Good Samaritan turned his head-lamps round and brought them to bear upon the problem. By their aid the job—difficult

(Continued on p. viii)



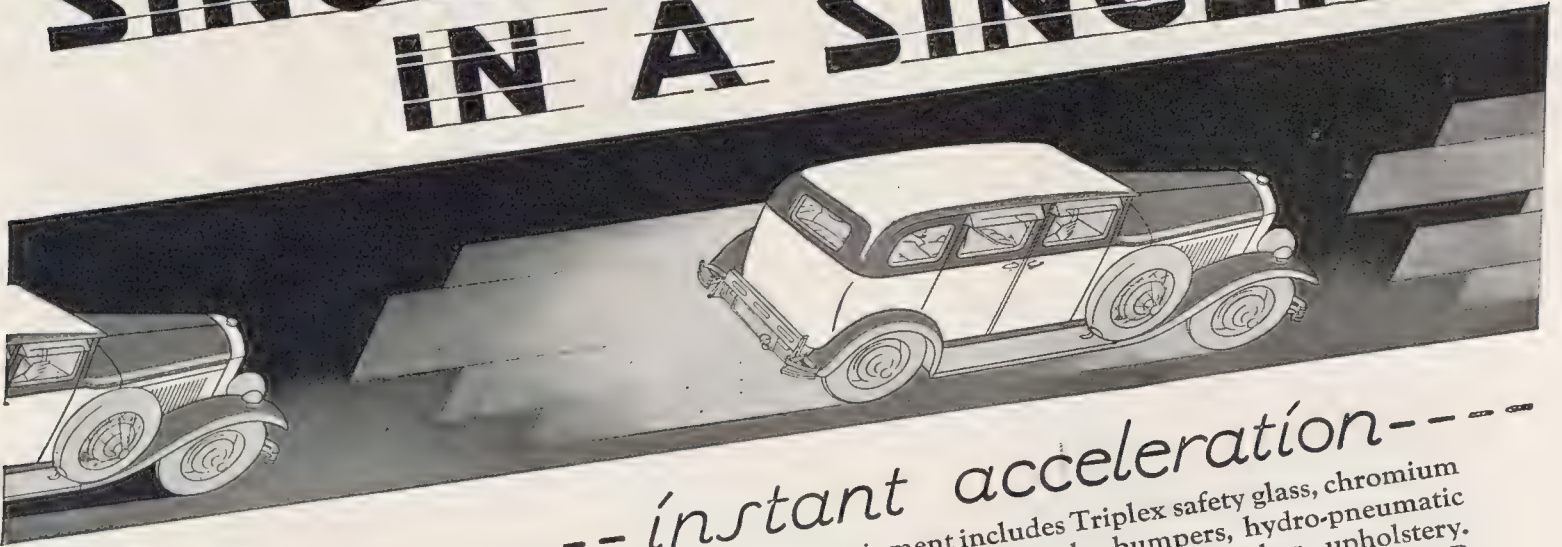
Vyvyan Poole

DOUBLY ENGAGED

Left to right: Mr. David Plunket and his fiancée, Miss Sybil Archer, and Lord Brougham and the future Lady Brougham, Miss Olive Plunket. Mr. Plunket and his sister, whose engagements were announced within a week of each other, are the children of the Most Rev. the Hon. Benjamin Plunket, D.D., formerly Bishop of Meath. Miss Archer is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Archer of Seafeld, Sussex, and this photograph was taken at St. Anne’s, Bishop Plunket’s residence near Dublin



# SINGING ALONG IN A SINGER

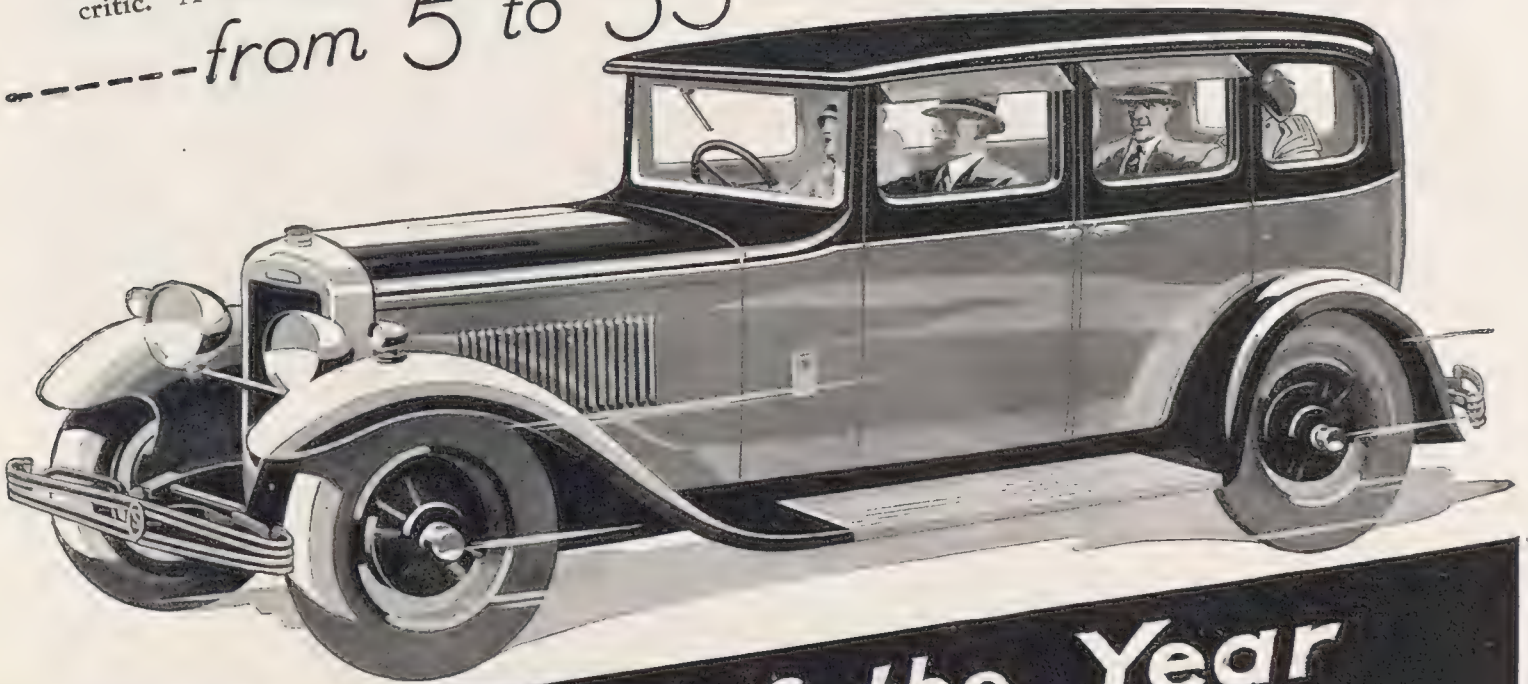


----- instant acceleration-----

"Singing along in a Singer" is more than a slogan—it sums up in five words all the joy of motoring in the wonderful new SINGER "SIX." Long sweeping lines, slung low for speed and safety, characterise this beautiful car, and its capacity for maintaining a high cruising speed is remarkable. Silently, swiftly, smoothly, it speeds along the highways—an exhilarating experience for even the most sceptic critic. A real top-gear car that is a joy to drive.

Equipment includes Triplex safety glass, chromium plating, wire wheels, bumpers, hydro-pneumatic shock absorbers, and real leather upholstery. SIX Saloon £275. Super Six £350. SINGER Dealers throughout the country will be pleased to give you a Demonstration and take your old car in part exchange. Please write for the "SIX" Catalogue to: SINGER & COMPANY, LTD., COVENTRY. LONDON SHOW. ROOMS: STRATTON HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1.

-----from 5 to 55 in a flash-----



## The Car of the Year SINGER SIX







Our betters: Miss Joyce Wethered, the Open Champion, and Miss Molly Gourlay, the English and French Champion. Miss Wethered has gained the supreme award of English women's golf no fewer than four times, while both the titles that Miss Gourlay holds have been hers before

fierce battles to be waged later in the day. It is none of these things which are to make this particular chill day of January memorable but something quite otherwise.

A strange, an unfamiliar sound breaks in upon the usual domestic bustle of a winter's day. What can it be? But hark, the car is at the door, a little protestant at starting up this icy day, at the load which it is her portion to carry, but there is a good slope down the drive to make things easy for her; we are away; the prologue to the adventure is begun.

And now the great moment itself has come. The car left in the embrace of a radiator muff is abandoned; the last lap of all must be done on foot. A buoyant step forward up the last stiff slope, two unbuoyant steps backward where the foot slips on the balling snow, a spring across a babbling burn, not yet held in the interlocking grip of winter, a wrench and a squelch, and the last foot is clear of it; we mount, we exhilarate, the plain spreads out before us, the earth is ours to conquer, our foot is on the tee, and in our hands a steel-shafted driver. That, dropped in company with a steel-shafted iron, had produced the strange sound which had cut across the domestic noises of the home, that which had made it worth while to scale the heights and dare the elements this wintry day; for the first time in our blameless, law-abiding golfing life we were to make trial of a steel-shafted club, secure now in the knowledge that it had the blessing of St. Andrews, that if it should prove capable of eliminating distance, minimising error, here it was, an authorised weapon, a sanctioned sword.

We take up our stance; we have a few preliminary swings, for the day is cold, aye, cold indeed upon those heights, and we

## Eve at Golf : By ELEANOR E. HELME

Outside the house, which stands on a little hill in a wind-swept plain, half a gale is howling. The ground immediately round the front door is wet, soaking wet. Under a cloud-bound sky the hills which skirt the plain rise forbidding, a powdering of snow on their heights. Yet within doors we are cheerful, not because of the warmth and comfort to be found there, not because of the inviting rows of books upon the walls; nor even the backgammon board on a shelf hinting at

are short of practice. Let us not tarnish the first bright impression, sully the sacred initiation into something new by a pull, a slice, a top, or perchance even a fizzle. We have a waggle or two; nothing strange to be felt here; the club is well and truly balanced, a normally sound specimen of the club-maker's art; we blow our nose—the day, let it be said again lest anybody has overlooked the fact, is cold, very cold, and we are several hundred feet above sea level. Now there is nothing more to be done. We tee up, not too new a ball, for there is that powdering of snow, and in the excitement of the moment what may happen to it we know not; we take our stance; we waggle; we back swing; we down swing; we taste for one brief fraction of a second the exquisite joy of the moment of impact; we follow through. It is over. The ball is gone. For the first time in our lives we have hit a ball with a steel-shafted club. What is it like? The rest of the party follow suit, perhaps with less trepidation than I myself, for they are young, very young, and youth makes light of great adventure, even of adventure great as this. And then we run; not in exultation of spirit at the great adventure or the magnitude of our shots, but because (need I tell you again) the day is cold, the course some hundreds (it might almost be thousands) of feet above sea level.

We find our balls, even the ones which have dived into the worst patches of snow; this time there is no tee; we take the iron, and in turn we do our worst with that. We repeat the process. Our old faults are there, perhaps our old virtues, such as they are; the perfect shot, the unsurpassable still lurks out of sight. And then one of us, greatly daring, takes up an old friend, an ordinary driver of wooden shaft, tried, true, and



Lady Elizabeth and Lady Mary Grey, the daughters of Earl Grey, are enthusiastic participants in the royal and ancient game, and play at North Berwick amongst other places



De profundis: Lady Hall, Sir Martin Hall's wife, has a lucky dip at Ranelagh. This type of fishing is not unknown to competitors in the Autumn Foursomes

the ball lies three feet from the pin. Dead, dead as mutton...

Is there a climax; a moral? Do you ask any of the modern novel? Do you not rather expect of it much ado, much minute detail, which leads nowhere, signifies nothing, which leaves you unsatisfied, knowing nothing? And shall this true story of the first trial of a steel shaft presume to rush in where the novel fears to tread?



# Charming Today Tomorrow What?

**KENSITAS will help her to  
avoid that future shadow**

**H**OW fascinating are the curves of the modern figure! Yet these alluring contours may be quickly lost by over-indulgence—by eating between meals. Thousands of lovely women easily retain their modern figures without undergoing harsh dieting and drastic reducing methods condemned by the medical profession.

They follow the dictates of MODERATION. They know that MODERATION bans excess, even in smoking. They eat healthfully but not immoderately. When tempted to over-indulge—to eat between meals, they say: **"No thanks, I'll smoke a Kensitas instead."**

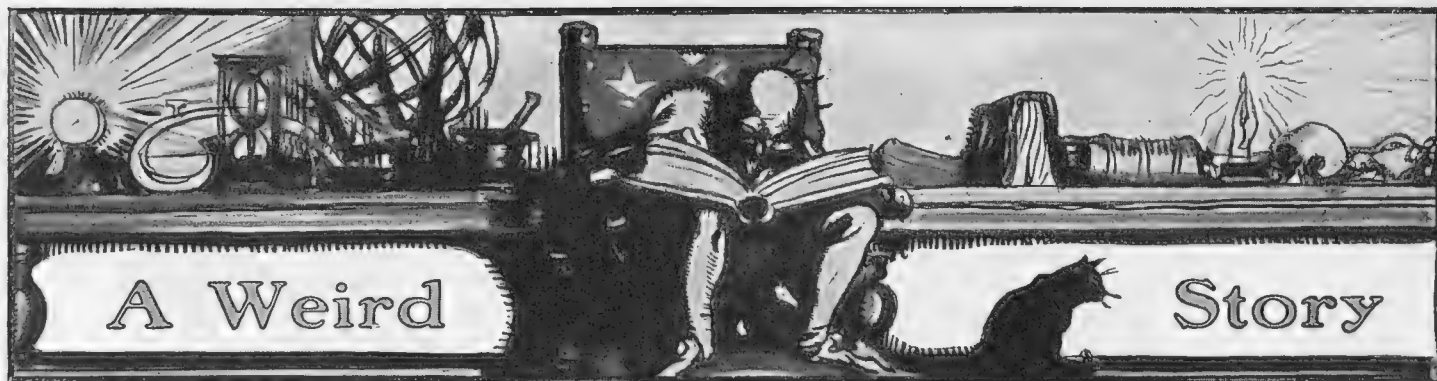
Kensitas is the finest cigarette you ever smoked, made of the choicest Virginia tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop. THE KENSITAS PRIVATE PROCESS adds to the flavour and improves the taste.



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**KENSITAS**  
PRIVATE PROCESS

**10 for 6d**





### THE DEAD WATCHER

The following inexplicable incident took place quite recently, and the narrator who played what may be termed a leading rôle in the affair has never, though a most sober and matter-of-fact person, been able to arrive at a solution or explanation satisfactory to himself. It may be added that he stubbornly refuses to believe in the existence of spirit entities, yet he vouches for the truth of his story.

In British Guiana the large sugar estates usually have a small hospital attached to the main group of buildings which comprises the manager's residence, overseers' quarters, etc. Within reasonable distance of the compound, the residence of the chief dispenser, an experienced chemist and druggist, is always to be found. The dispenser usually mixes his drugs and medicines on the prescriptions of a qualified medical man. But it sometimes happens that the doctor, for one reason or another, is not readily accessible in cases of emergency. In such an event the dispenser, who is inevitably called, has to rely on his own accumulated experience and skill.

In 192—, young Andrew Mac— came to the colony from Scotland to take up an appointment as an overseer at plantation R—, on the west coast of the Demerara River. Like many another newcomer from the United Kingdom, he was enthralled by the idea of living and working on a sugar plantation in a tropical country. Ambition and enthusiasm inspired him with dreams of the day when he would himself be the manager of a plantation, with scores of human souls dependent on his lightest word.

Old John R—, the autocrat of plantation R—, smiled kindly at the newcomer's eagerness and anxiety to make good.

"If he keeps on like this," he thought, "he'll rise high."

But alas! young Andrew proved to be lacking in the grit and determination necessary for real success. His enthusiasm gradually waned. He grew tired of being on the back of a hard-mouthed brute of a mule all day long in all sorts of weather. He got to hate the sight of the flat, canal-intersected rice and sugar-cane fields bordered by monotonous stretches of greenery. He felt like an exile; life grew intolerably wearisome, and he longed with the intensity of an exile for the peace and comfort of his Ayrshire home, and the cheerful sound of familiar voices. Finally he sought consolation in liquor.

The habit of drinking heavily got a firm hold on him. He told himself it was the only thing to do in this cursed back-of-beyond. Besides, when a fellow came in soaked to the skin from an all-day rain, and shivering with the incipient chills of malaria, a good dose of rum was certainly called for.

Months slid by, and Andrew travelled farther along the road to ruin. He soon fell into the eager clutches of money-lenders. And be it known that the British Guiana species is every whit as rapacious and merciless as his brethren of other lands and climes.

One thing, however, Andrew never failed to do, and that was to send home an appreciable portion of his salary to the patient mother in distant Ayrshire. Harassed though he was by various Shylocks demanding their pound of flesh, the money was regularly remitted to Scotland.

One morning on being roused by his "boy" at 5 a.m. to commence the day's labours, he felt strangely unwell. His head ached savagely, for one thing. He wondered if this could be the result of his heavy drinking on the previous night. But there were other alarming symptoms, such as short, sharp pains all over his body, violent fits of shivering alternated by a sensation of tremendous heat, and an utter disinclination to get out of bed. He felt he was going to be very ill.

In due course the doctor, who lived some miles away from the plantation, was summoned.

He looked grave after his examination.

"You'll be laid up for some time," was all he would say in answer to young Mac—'s inquiries as to what was wrong with him.

As the days passed Andrew felt somehow that he was getting no better. By this time the symptoms of the dreaded blackwater fever had definitely presented themselves. The doctor fought hard to pull his patient through, but Andrew's vitality had been seriously impaired by his excesses.

One day the sick man sent for the dispenser.

"I haven't much longer to go," he said, when the other arrived, "and in a way I'm glad."

The dispenser cheerfully told him he was mistaken, though deep down in his mind he knew that the young Scotchman was in a pretty bad way.

"Oh, no," Andrew replied in a feeble voice, "I'm far gone, and I think you know it as well as I do! It's just as well. If I lived, I'd probably be a drunkard for the rest of my life."

"There's one thing you can do for me," he went on in a whisper. "I've a few dollars saved for my mother. She'll need them, God knows! It's been hard to put them by, too. I sent her a little every month, the cursed moneylenders got the greater part, and the rest—well, you know how it went."

"I've hidden it, so the money-lenders can't claim any of it when I'm gone; I owe them quite a tidy sum still. I want you to send it home for me. You'll know where to look for it."

"You can rely on me to do what you ask, of course," the dispenser replied with a puzzled air, "but you haven't told me where you've got this money."

"Never you mind that!" the sick man replied with a strange smile. "I'll tell you—later!"

"When you write home," he ended pleadingly, "tell her I was killed by a horse or something. I'd hate to have her know I died a drunken failure."

About 1 a.m. a few nights later, the dispenser was hastily summoned to the overseer, who had taken a turn for the worse. The doctor was too far away to be got at in a hurry, so the dispenser had to do the best he could for the dying man. To reach the overseer's house, he had to walk about a hundred yards from his own house to the main road, and along a side path which led to his destination. After traversing a portion of the distance he somehow got the feeling that someone joined him silently and walked along by his side. Seeing no one, however, his practical mind dismissed the impression as being due to mere fancy.

Near the overseer's house stood a large sandbox tree. As the dispenser drew near, he distinctly saw a man standing under its wide-spread branches. To his intense amazement it was the sick man. As he opened his lips to ask the overseer what he was doing out of his bed at that hour of the morning, the figure turned and led the way into the house. One glance at the still form lying on the bed told the dispenser that his patient was beyond all human skill. But near the door the dead man stood watching him!

"I don't hold with such rubbish as believing in ghosts," the dispenser says obstinately, in describing this incredible situation, "but the fact remains that I saw that man lying dead on his bed, and yet looking at me fully ten feet away was his other self!"

The figure pointed urgently to a small tin trunk which protruded from beneath the bed. Recalling his conversation with the sick man, the dispenser lifted the lid and looked inside. In one corner was a small packet neatly wrapped in black oilskin, and carefully tied. Opening it, he saw a bundle of creased five-dollar bills. As he looked from the money in his hands to the watching figure, the wraith nodded several times and seemed to dissolve into a thin mist, eventually vanishing altogether.

What theory can one fit to this episode? May we not believe that anxiety on his mother's behalf enabled the dead man to project his personality, spirit-self, or what you will, on the conscious perception of the dispenser, with the object of pointing out the hidden store of money?

K. H. C.



# MILTON

# FOR THE MOUTH

**Have you ever  
found that putting  
on more clothes  
prevented you  
catching cold & 'flu?**

**NO! HERE'S WHY—**

All your life you have been told to put on thick coats and woolly scarves in case you caught "colds" or 'flu. But you *did* catch them—time and time again? You see—a cold and 'flu are infectious diseases. No matter how warm you keep your body, you will catch "cold" if your mouth becomes overladen with these germs. And there *are* these germs everywhere! In winter, they abound in crowded under-ventilated rooms, in 'buses, in trains, in schools, in churches. *They enter your mouth.* Your mouth with its warmth, its moisture, is nature's ideal culture bed for germs. They lodge there, thrive there, multiply. That's how you catch cold and 'flu. Your mouth must be protected against such dangers. But how? Every doctor knows now that there is *one certain* safeguard. Every doctor has received a copy of a recent startling report, issued after independent investigations in one of England's most celebrated hospitals, and independently confirmed by two of the world's most highly accredited bacteriologists, and which points to the *one* sure way. These authorities tested the nine most widely advertised mouthwashes and tooth pastes. Only *one* killed germs when reasonably diluted with water—half a teaspoonful in half a tumbler. *This one was Milton.* Milton killed every germ and thoroughly cleaned the mouth every time, and yet proved so safe that even if it were swallowed at full strength it did no harm. Can't you see what this means to you this winter?





# The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

## Spring Fashions.

THE inspiration of the spring fashions shown by the house of Reville, Hanover Square, cannot be attributed to any particular period or influence but rather do they mirror, in a more or less modified form, the distinctive features of the modes which gained prominence during the latter part of the last century; the result is graceful and pleasing, and in the majority of cases they are robbed of all extravagance of design. Before dwelling on the models in detail the length of the skirts in general must be given. The skirts in sports suits terminate about two inches below the knees; in tailor-mades, about four

*Larola is not only a tonic for the complexion but strengthens the epidermal cells and pores. It conquers the effects of sunburn and windburn and gives the much-to-be desired velvety appearance. (See p. ii)*

inches; afternoon dresses from six to eight inches; evening dresses, ankle length all round and they may dip at the sides and backs. Trains

and floating draperies will be present for dinner dresses, but dance frocks will have no trains whatsoever.

## Lambrequin Draperies.

In days gone by the art of mantel draping was very important; now the draperies have passed into the limbo of things forgotten as chimney-pieces are naked as it were. The House of Reville have borrowed these draperies from the seamstress and are using them for the decoration of some of their evening dresses. A strong point in their favour is that they cannot get out of position or become crushed. A ruby silk dress shot with amethyst appeared to have stepped from a picture by Du Maurier. In the front the princess outlined was maintained until the knees were reached, then a shaped flounce appeared, while at the back of the skirt mantel draperies were introduced. The corsage was innocent of a back; the sides were caught with ropes of crystals which also formed the shoulder-strap.

## Sculptured Folds.

To display the beauty of women to the greatest advantage is the ambition of the creator of modes to-day, and it is just this that has been achieved by the House of Reville. The graceful lines of the figure were emphasised in a white Fleursoie evening dress; the skirt fell in sculptured folds; it was ankle-length, and it needed no stretch of the imagination when studying it to think that it was a piece of sculpture. A novel coat effect was present in another dress; the corsage portion of white satin adorned with a large sunflower slanted from right to left, one shoulder being exposed; there was a slanting hem at the base of the jumper, below which there was a full skirt of black net. A debutante's evening dress of the modified picture-dress was expressed in hand-loom brocade which was woven in Braintree. Another distinctive evening dress was of black satin; the rounded *décolletage* in front and the spade-shaped hiatus at the back of the corsage was of white chiffon with soft draperies on one side. A new material that is sure to create a furore of admiration is a fish net; the novelty lies in the woven film at the back which in a peculiar manner suggests a cobweb.

## Bradford Fabrics.

In pursuance of their custom to help the British Textile Industries, Reville have used Bradford's fabrics for many of their spring suits and wraps. Standing out with prominence in the collection was a coat of Cracoe—an ivory-coloured tweed flecked with tones of brown and scarlet; it was reinforced with scarlet leather, draped collar and insertions; the latter followed the lines of the figure; there were also undercuffs and belt of leather; naturally leather and felt shared honours in the hat. Many new notes were present in a coat-frock expressed in black and white check Bradford Denton; it was slightly pouched all

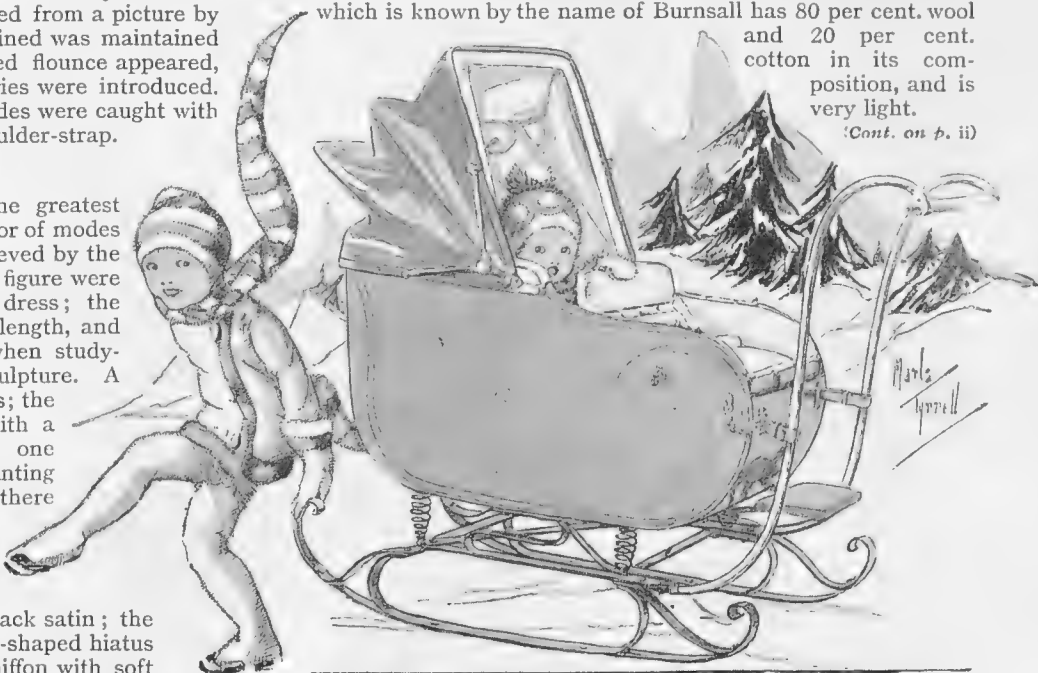
round in the vicinity of the waist, above which was seen a neat little bolero decorated with buttons. An important feature of a lily of the valley leaf-green dress was the wide collar and cuffs; they were composed of white piqué petals united with fagot stitching. Several of the models were carried out in Macclesfield silk; it is of this silk that men's ties are made. A tweed

which is known by the name of Burnsall has 80 per cent. wool and 20 per cent. cotton in its composition, and is very light.

(Cont. on p. ii)



*The woman who is clever with her needle will easily be able to make these garments of Luvisca, which is a member of the Courtauld family of fabrics. It is silk-like, durable, and washes remarkably well. (See p. ii)*



*This is a pram built by John Ward of Leveson Baby Car fame for Lady Deterding for use in Switzerland. It has special springs, is mounted on runners, painted blue and white, and upholstered in white. (See p. ii)*



# Watching a Miracle By GILBERT FRANKAU



**I** can't feel anything at all, Mr. Willi. I'd far rather have this than a permanent wave!"

My woman friend in the adjustable chair spoke very calmly. Neither did she resent my presence. Indeed, she herself had asked me to witness that which I can only describe as a miracle — the transformation, without pain, of a middle-aged face into a young.

Transformation, by then, had already been accomplished. Under fingers — had I not seen, I would never have believed the deftness of them — which are at once as sure as an artist's and gentle as a girl's, the last wrinkles had been smoothed from the cheeks. And where the chin had sagged, I saw the youth-contour renew itself, marvellously, before my very eyes.

"Only will it last?" went on the woman.

"Have no fear," Mr. Willi soothed her. "It will." And he continued, with the woman still talking, as she had been talking ever since those wonderful fingers of his had started it, to concentrate on his delicate task.

It needs concentration, this delicate task of transforming middle-aged into youthful faces; needs consummate artistry; needs, too, a wealth of experience such as only one who has been practising it, like Mr. Willi, for more than twenty years, can bring. Done without concentration, without artistry, without long experience, done for the mere money without any love of the mere doing, it cannot beautify — because this is no task for amateurs, for the careless, the unskilled.

Mr. Willi's consulting rooms are  
at the Hystogen Institute, 40 Baker  
Street, LONDON, W.1.  
Telephone: Welbeck 5846.

"There are many such," the head of the Hystogen Institute told me — later, as we sat alone in the lounge hall of the big quiet house in Hampstead. "And unfortunately they make bad publicity for a process which, within another twenty years, will be as everyday as chiropody or manicure. For why, after all, should a woman let herself grow ill-favoured at forty-five or fifty, when it is not necessary; when that which you have now seen —"

And that conviction is not only Mr. Willi's but mine.

Had I not seen the miracle done; had I not convinced myself, from the mouth — and the face — of another woman, that the results are enduring; had I not read the grateful letters from all over the world (from which, I must add, Mr. Willi — secrecy being the very essence of his profession — had been careful to mask the signatures), had I not studied, very closely, the few photographs his patients have allowed him to take — I should never have consented to subscribe this testimony.

But there the miracle is; and because I sincerely believe that Mr. Willi can do real service to many thousands of middle-aged women (whose happiness, perhaps — whose very living, in some cases — may be threatened by the passing of their beauty) I advise all such women to go to him for counsel.

That they will not receive any but the best counsel, I am as sure as I am sure that this art at which, today, he is one of the few real experts, will be almost universally practised in the years to be.



## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

### No Fleeting Colours.

Any of Courtaulds' fabrics may be regarded as gilt-edge investments as they are produced from the finest rayon yarns; there is no deceptive loading, no fleeting colours, and there is no loss of shape or texture when once the garment has been completed. They are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Courtaulds, 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, who will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent, with descriptive literature. It is of Luvisca that the children's nightdress and pyjamas pictured are destined to be made; this fabric is silk-like and durable, and is available in plain shades, self-checks, and stripes. Then there is Xantha; it is a knitted fabric, is extremely soft, and wears remarkably well; 48 to 49 in. wide, it is 5s. 11d. per yard. Clytie satin, which is 4s. 11d. per yard, is endowed with unique draping possibilities.

### A Pram Mounted on Runners.

Warmly to be congratulated are John Ward (26, Knightsbridge, S.W.), the makers of the Leveson baby cars, on their latest novelty. It is a very special pram built for Lady Deterding for use in Switzerland. An illustration of the same appears on p. 184. It has been built with special springs, is mounted on runners, and upholstered in white. Not only do this firm excel in baby cars, but they are responsible for a "Little Buffer," which always holds a high position in the affections of the inhabitants of the nursery. It is a scientifically planned wheel chair which baby can work unaided with his feet. It is built of hand-polished walnut with rubber tyres, and for travelling will pack into a suit-case. All interested in the subject must write for the profusely illustrated catalogue; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

### The Care of the Complexion.

This is the time of the year that the complexion requires the utmost care and consideration; the skin needs cleansing, nourishing, and toning. There is nothing that accomplishes this in a more satisfactory manner than Larola; it is practically sold everywhere in 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. bottles. Furthermore, it strengthens the epidermal surface of the skin, which is extremely delicate and sensitive to external conditions. After a day's travelling it will cleanse and refresh the skin and complexion without the intervention of soap and water. Its cleansing properties are self-evident when a little is poured on a piece of cotton-wool and then passed over the face. Again, it is an excellent powder base; it should be applied to the skin and then allowed to partially dry; it leaves a thin film to which the powder will readily adhere without harmfully blocking the small pores and rendering the pores coarse in appearance.

### Special Prices.

According to their usual custom Bradleys, Chepstow Place, are showing the advance models for the spring, and in order to help provide continuous employment for their staff of skilled workers they

are quoting special prices until February 22. Illustrated on this page is a coat and skirt carried out in the new flaked suiting; this will be made to order for 10 guineas; the revers are of faced cloth and so is the waistcoat; the latter is 39s. 6d. extra. Note the manner in which the waist-line has ascended. For 10½ guineas there are tailored suits built of navy charmeline; the coats are trimmed with

yellow and navy stitching and are lined with yellow crêpe de chine to match the jumpers. Another suit of exalted merit has a long coat and is expressed in oatmeal *mélange* material with neat collar of beige dyed coney; the suit is 14½ guineas, and the jumpers 79s. 6d.; the jumper is of a red and fawn mixture chifton tweed trimmed with the *mélange* fabric.

### The Importance of the Redingote.

It is during the first bright days of spring that the redingote comes into its own, therefore Bradleys have created several attractive models, among them being a veritable triumph of the tailor's art. It is carried out in hopsac with a blue ground strewn with pin-spots; it is trimmed with a plain material and finished with white piqué slip collar and cuffs; at the back a coat and skirt is suggested, while in front it crosses over and is finished with a belt; it has a decidedly slimming effect on women of generous proportions. By the way it is likewise available in plain blue charmeline trimmed with a spotted fabric. In both instances the price is 10 guineas. The between-season's catalogue is ready.

### "Say It in Flowers."

Flowers would far more frequently be sent to friends in London and the country were the despatching and selecting of them simplified. Dianthus of 226, Strand, it seems to me have solved the problem. Every morning he receives flowers from the nurseries, and before the majority of his clients have thought of getting up has executed his orders. They are packed in boxes in such a manner that they cannot become damaged in transit. He grows his own carnations, and as a consequence sells them at a modest price when they are in season; shall I say quite a large box is 10s. 6d.; this is the price to-day. Tulips, daffodils, and violets are 5s. per box, delivered, or post free. He excels, too, in floral decorations, and will send experts to decorate a table or a room, and will supply flowers for weddings and other social functions. A 5s. or 10s. 6d. box of flowers sent regularly is an ideal present and one that all and sundry will welcome.



A SPRING TAILORED SUIT

Of flaked suiting reinforced with waistcoat and revers of faced cloth. Bradleys, Chepstow Place, are building it at a special price until February 22



# Current Modes demand a Belt by Roussel



A typical new Parisian Evening gown. This model shows the new sheath-like corsage and graceful flared skirt.



British Patent No. 258561

In this delightful garment, brassiere and belt are in one seamless elastic weave, giving upright support with glorious comfort. The brassiere is sewn with exquisite hand-made lace, while the belt can be obtained in pure silk or in thread and silk.

THE new gowns are so alluring! Form-fitting, cut to enhance the gracious, feminine silhouette. Under these revealing frocks, the outline must be perfect. The Roussel Belt is styled to persuade your figure to just the correct contours, gently yielding to soft curves, yet firmly massaging away too-generous lines. Each belt is as carefully designed and fitted as a model gown, so that your slimmest frocks shall hang gracefully over a smooth, unobtrusive foundation.

## POST ORDERS

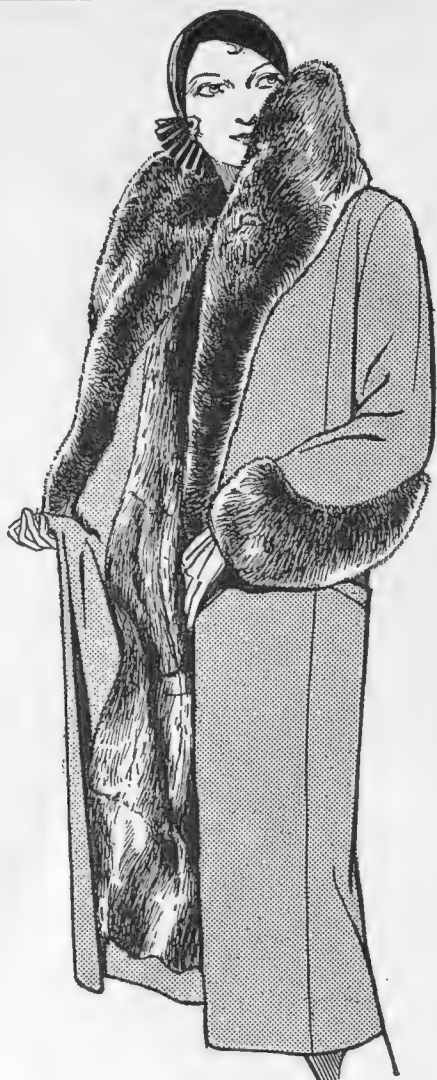
You can order confidently by post. Give size of bust, waist, hips (stripped) and total height. Correct fitting guaranteed or money refunded. Prices: Long Belt in thread and silk £5.15.0. In pure silk and lace £9.9.0. Abroad 2/6 extra. Other models to fit your figure from £2.2.0 upwards.



**On Sale only at** *J. Roussel* **177 Regent St. W.I.**  
of Paris and 8a Thurloe Place, Opp. Brompton Oratory, S.W.7

PARIS	HAGUE	AMSTERDAM	ROTTERDAM	BRUSSELS	LIEGE	ANTWERP	CONSTANTINOPLE
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## From the Shires and Provinces—cont.

### From the York and Ainsty

Thursday (9th) saw the North pack at Copgrove, whence they had a fair day, whilst the South met at Askham Grange. Many people, including two eminent lady members, turned up somewhat late, thinking some "law" would be given after the hunt ball the previous night, but David, like Mr. Jorrocks, holds that "punctuality is the politeness of princes," and moved off at 11 sharp, a fox leaving Askham Whin precisely at 11.15 in a westerly or Bramham direction. The country rode terribly deep, but the lady pack took us by Wighill Park almost to Walton (a five-mile point), followed by another hunt from Askham Strips to below Healaugh, and finishing with a short gallop from Rufforth Whin to Knapton, where they killed. (Incidentally, the Bramham returned the compliment and invaded us next day, this being missed by—

Our fox-mascot lady, whose speedy Darracq  
Spun round on the road and got ditched in the back.)

The Foggathorpe country kept up its reputation on Saturday (11th), when we ran from Laytham Whin through Seaton Mains, Holme, and back to Melbourne, one and a half hours, the first bit fast. The renowned grey charger, Mackintosh, was twice immersed. Gerald got his near side soaked, and there were various other casualties, including the younger Miss Lifeguard, whose papa had on his grey undress uniform. Not much of a morning from Copmanthorpe on Tuesday (14th), but the afternoon hunt from Steeton was quite fun, several of the cavalry going in for "dismounted action."

### •From Lincolnshire

So deep and holding is the going now that when hounds have been running hard it has not been easy to keep anywhere near them. The streams, too, are bank-full, and there has been a lot of plumbings of their depths. On the Southwold (East) day from Aby Station (January 11) one Diana had a shot at the Great Eau and entirely disappeared in the turgid waters. It was a bold thing to do on an icy-cold day, but thanks to her natatorial activities the bank was reached in safety. A quick change into fustian clothes at a friend's house enabled her to nick in with hounds, who killed their fox in the parson's grounds at Withern. On the same day the Blankney doings from Brant Broughton were full of exciting interest. Hounds had a long trek with a fox in the valley of the Brant, and there were more initiations to the Winter Bathing Club; indeed, this sort of thing has been going on all along the line. I hear Colonel Munby, C.M.G., D.S.O., is giving up the Southwold at the end of the season. He only took over a year ago. A two-days a week man instead of three is what the committee now want.

## Notes from Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W., plead for a widow who is now paying the penalty of her courage and endurance. She has acute angina pectoris and is quite unable to look after herself. During many years she lived out in Persia where her husband was a Civil servant. On one occasion she showed proofs of great bravery, for when her husband was ill she managed the telegraph line twenty-four hours, although they were cut off by natives. Her husband retired, but during his last years his brain became affected, and he fell a victim to sharpers who got hold of the small provision made for his invalid wife, who is left with a small allowance from the India Office. She tried to let rooms but broke down in health, and now she finds a home with a friend who cannot take her in under 25s. weekly. It is most essential that she has good food and medical attention, but her allowance does not meet her needs and she dreads having to leave her only home. £12 is urgently needed to help her until she gets a further pension. Please do not let us ask for this sum in vain.

Keith Prowse, who celebrate their 150th anniversary this year, have now ninety-one audition rooms at branches in all parts of London, where the latest gramophones and records can be heard in comfort and privacy. A large number of their branches also have audition rooms where the new radio-gramophones and portable wireless sets are demonstrated. Two very interesting brochures are published by this firm. "Records We Specially Recommend" is a monthly, which will be sent gratis and post free month by month upon request, and is a list of gems selected from the catalogues of all makers. The other brochure "Europe's Best Broadcast," is a coloured art booklet describing the principal portable wireless sets, also free on request. Keith Prowse offers a splendid service to all intending purchasers of records, gramophones, and radio sets, the leading makes of which can be inspected in comfort at 159, New Bond Street, W.1, and at other branches; the address of the most convenient one can easily be ascertained from the Telephone Directory.

"The Winter-Season in Switzerland, 1929-30," is an interesting booklet which has recently been published by the Swiss National Tourist Office, in English, French, and German. It gives details regarding sports and social events at the Swiss winter resorts. Furthermore, it gives information about direct train service between England and Switzerland, about passports, Customs, fares, etc. It is distributed free of charge by the Swiss National Tourist Office in Zurich and Lausanne.

Every gardener should write at the earliest opportunity to James Carter and Company, Raynes Park, London, S.W., for the new seed catalogue. It is divided into sections which include sweet peas, general flower seed list, lawns, vegetable seeds, and Scotch seed potatoes. Important introductions are illustrated with coloured photographs on the covers, and special plates inside. Carter's "Flaming June," "Sweet Seventeen," "Porcelain" sweet peas, also fruit and tomato are again emphasised.



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with the  
'Pianola' Piano

*Pleased!*

Invitation to  
readers of  
"The Tatler."

*You could not spend a  
more interesting half hour  
than by calling at Aeolian  
Hall and asking for one  
of our Demonstrators to  
explain the new 'Pianola'  
Piano to you.*

Yes—and more often than not, surprised, too, at the new interest that the 'Pianola' Piano has brought into their home.

The secret of the great increase in popularity of the 'Pianola' Piano is that it affords entertainment that no other musical instrument can provide, the pleasure of actually making music as well as listening to music.

THE NEW  
**'PIANOLA' PIANO**  
COSTS NO MORE THAN AN ORDINARY PIANO

Remember that the 'Pianola' Piano is invariably a fine piano for playing by hand and the advantages of the 'Pianola' action are, therefore, additional.

If you already have a piano, an exchange in part payment can be easily arranged if you wish it.

IF UNABLE TO CALL, WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE J.C.

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131-137 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON W.1



## Weddings and Engagements

### Marrying Abroad.

On February 1 Captain Richard L. G. Poole, the son of Major A. E. Poole, Military Knight of Windsor, is marrying Miss Ella Mayne, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Mayne of Reading, and the marriage will take place at the Cathedral, Nairobi; on February 12 there is the wedding between Mr. Geoffrey Bayzand, M.C., of Nellimunde Estate, Meppadi, Southern India, and Miss Betty Anthony, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Anthony, of The Old Vicarage, Sevenoaks, which takes place at Colombo; and also in February is the marriage between Mr. Richard F. Wilson, York and Lancaster Regiment, and Miss Margot S. A. Swainson, which is to be at Dinapore, India.

### Recently Engaged.

Lieutenant Graham Henry Stokes, Royal Navy, the elder son of the late Mr. Graham Stokes of Blackheath, and of Mrs. Magniac of The Glen, Buckland Brewer, North Devon, and Miss Mary Macnochie, the only daughter of the late Sir Evan Maconochie, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., and Lady Maconochie of Seaton, Devon; Engineer-Commander R. C. Grigg, R.N., of H.M.S. *Comus*, eldest son of Mr.



MISS B. INNES-LILLINGSTON

Whose engagement was announced recently to Dr. Edwin Stanley Pope, second son of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Pope, is the younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel F. F. Innes-Lillingston and Mrs. Innes-Lillingston of 17, Parkfield Avenue, S.W.



LIEUT.-COMMANDER AND MRS.  
W. G. L. COOPER

Whose marriage took place in Hong Kong on November 12. The bride was formerly Miss Mita F'orde of Lurgan, Ireland, and Lieut.-Commander W. G. L. Cooper, R.N., H.M.S. "Bruce," is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Cooper of Aislaby Hall, Pickering

and Mrs. James Grigg of Southsea, and Miss Doris Mitchell, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Mitchell of Plymouth and Southsea; Mr. Frederick George Hutton, younger son of the late Mr. F. G. Storey and Mrs. Storey of Glanton Pyke, (Glanton, Northumberland, and Miss Joyce Maude Pike, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs.



MISS SINE MCGEE ARMSTRONG

The younger daughter of Colonel William McGee Armstrong, East Yorks (retired), and Mrs. Armstrong of Vernon, British Columbia, whose marriage takes place on February 25 to Mr. Arthur Howard McCallum of Courland, Victoria, British Columbia

H. L. Pike of Hume-wood, Gerard's Cross, Bucks; Mr. Hugo F. Meynell, the Sherwood Foresters, only son of Canon and Mrs. F. W. Meynell of Stapenhill, Burton-on-Trent, and Miss Doris Isabel Morrison, younger daughter of Mr. J. J. Morrison of Valparaiso and Mrs. Dudley Morrison of Etterick, Woking; Captain Dennis Harold Lee, Royal Artillery, son of the late Major L. H. Lee, O.B.E., and of Mrs. Lee of Bedford, and Miss Jessie Brown, daughter of the late Mr. J. W. and Mrs. Brown of West Hartlepool, Durham; Mr. Hubert Graham Lawrence, Nyasaland Civil Service, younger son of the late Captain Alfred Lawrence, 17th (D.C.O.) Lancers, and Mrs. Lawrence of Chippenham, Wiltshire, and Mrs. Margaret Wilkinson, widow of Mr. Richard Wilkinson, Gatwick Manor, Surrey, and Gandish Cottage, East Bergholt, Suffolk.



## Coffee- and then CASTILLON

Its colour as golden as the sun that ripened the grapes from which it is made—its pleasing bouquet—its rare richness and subtle flavour. There never was such a perfect end to a meal—as CASTILLON

It costs no more to have the pleasure of CASTILLON and if, as sometimes happens, Brandy is needed in an emergency, then you could have no stauncher friend than CASTILLON

*If you have any difficulty in obtaining, please write:*

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**CASTILLON**  
BRANDY COGNAC  
AT ITS VERY BEST

CASTILLON Cognac Brandy is obtainable in the usual whole and half bottles and in handy flasks from most wine and spirit merchants and principal stores.



## HOW TO SERVE CHEESE

## STILTON



STILTON is a king among cheeses, typically English—fine flavoured, full of nourishment—and worthy of a nice discrimination in the serving. Keep it turbaned with damp muslin and preserve the top and as a lid. True lovers of Stilton have for generations served it with Fortts Bath Olivers. This biscuit of ancient lineage has just that piquancy of flavour, that smooth crispness of texture which adds so much enjoyment to your cheese. Fortts Bath Olivers are sold by all good grocers—in the famous long tins that find their way into castles and cottages, clubs and hotels all over the world. And with morning coffee and afternoon tea there is now a new delicacy—Chocolate Olivers. Will you try the whole Oliver family? Then post this coupon with 3d. in stamps for the assorted samples.

*The Original Fortts*  
BATH  
OLIVERS



Coupon for assorted samples of  
Bath Oliver (large and small), Wafer Oliver, and Chocolate Oliver.  
Send 3d. for postage to Fortts, Manvers Street, Bath.

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C 22.1.30.

# Our pledge to please

It may be that you have in your possession something which came from one of the *Ciro Salons*, and perhaps you wish that it had been chosen differently. If that is so, now is the time to change it, because the *Ciro Salons* are full of new designs and you can change for one of these. No need to feel the slightest hesitation. No need to hang back because it is rather long since the purchase was made. Just come—or write to one of our branches, and the exchange you would like will be made.

## Ciro PEARLS AND JEWELLERY

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		DUBLIN at Switzers
BERLIN: 106 Leipzigerstrasse		PARIS: 20 Rue de la Paix



## Petrol Vapour—continued.

even then—was done. Aimed to a hair's-breadth, that spare wheel consented to go where it was meant to go. Soaked and limp I drove home, and when I got there I was almost ashamed to put this rebellious beast of a vehicle in the same garage with a car that has, so to speak, a jack at each corner, which involves no groping in the mud and in the dark, and a set of detachable wheels that I would, blindfold, undertake to handle with expedition. The R.A.C. did not clock my time for wheel-changing that wicked night (or rather morning), but I don't mind publishing the unofficial figure. It was 1 hr. 35 min. (neglecting the seconds and fractions). A hard luck story, I grant; and perhaps I was infuriated and ham-handed. But I am left with the conviction that the old-fashioned jack, and at least some detachable wheels, are ghastly anachronisms and a disgrace to any car with pretensions to being up to date.

### Real Service.

At this party that I have mentioned, and at which a good deal of petrol was talked, there was a man who was selling a certain make of car in a most devastatingly effective manner. I wish it had been an all-British car, for though he had no connection with the motor-business, he was pushing it with a most impressive argument. He waved in front of us a perfectly good cheque for (I think) one pound nine and ninepence. And the history of that cheque was this. He had taken his car to a garage (having no connection with the firm through whom he had bought it) and given instructions that it was to be de-carbonised. At the same time he told them that he would be glad if they would put his petrol-gauge right, as it had never worked properly. Both jobs were done, and the account rendered was modest enough. So modest indeed that when he saw

before him on the breakfast-table an envelope bearing the name of the repairers he was convinced it was a demand for more money. But it contained a cheque. In short, the whole petrol-gauge installation had been renewed free of charge. He thought, and loudly proclaimed, that this was one of the most wonderful things he had ever heard of. He said that no one had ever treated him so handsomely before, and that as the owner of a So-and-So, he proposed to be a So-and-So owner for the rest of his life. And of course he would do his best to bring all his

friends into the So-and-So fold. The car itself, I may breathe, does not appeal to me as super-super, but if its design is only commonplace, there is surely a genius in the psychology department behind it. "More joy in Heaven over the one sinner that repenteth" . . . here something went wrong that should not have gone wrong. It was put right gratuitously (the car cost nigh upon a thousand pounds), and its owner will never tire of shouting the odds about it. For thirty bob that firm has got a continuous advertisement. Would he, I wonder, have been so keen if the petrol-gauge had never gone wrong? Horrible thought!

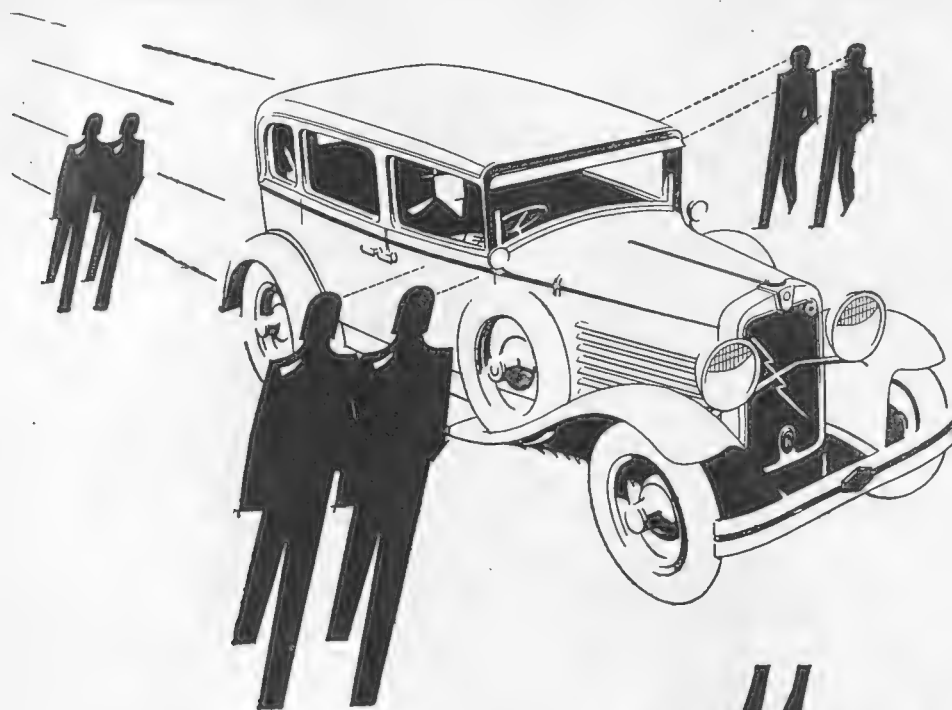


MISS MAISIE GAY

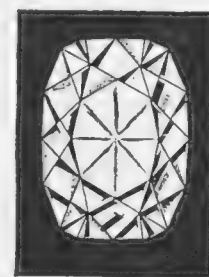
In her Lancia car, which she finds the quickest and most pleasant means of conveyance between her cottage in the country and town. Her next appearance in revue will be in Cochran's 1930 Show, to be produced at the London Pavilion in March

### Strenuous Life.

A very distinguished and jolly party met at the Savoy last week to wish the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce the best of luck in her attempt to gain the premier award in the Monte Carlo Rally. Most of the British competitors are starting from John o' Groats, but this gallant lady has elected to take her Straight-Eight Hillman much farther afield, and will start from the borders of Lapland. This means that for some 2,300 miles she has got to be continuously at the wheel, a feat of endurance from which most men-athletes would legitimately shrink. We shall all hope that this plucky effort to show what a British car can do will meet with its deserved reward.



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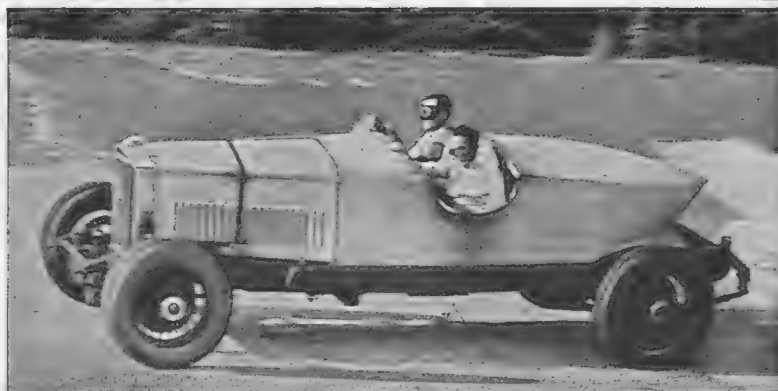
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## Air Eddies : By OLIVER STEWART

### Artists and Aviation.

AVIATION refused to leave me even at the private view of the Italian Art Exhibition at Burlington House. Somehow I found monoplanes getting mixed up with Mantegna and biplanes with Botticelli. Leonardo da Vinci, the grandfather of all aircraft designers, has placed the imprint of his tremendous personality upon the Exhibition through the medium of his drawings and paintings. Da Vinci, if he had lived in England now in the time of the all-powerful, omnipresent moral vacuum-cleaners, the Hoovers and Hicks-es, the Ingles and Byngs, would have been ordered to leave the country as an undesirable alien on account of his habit of surrounding himself with beautiful youths. He escaped the clutches of twentieth-century civilisation and his drawings and note-books, instead of being burnt at Bow Street, remain to show that science (not nature, as Oscar Wilde was wont to say) spends its time struggling to imitate art. Da Vinci, engineer, soldier, architect, mathematician, singer, flautist, painter, and half-a-dozen other things, had a versatility which has never since been equalled. Dr. Havelock Ellis goes so far as to suggest that he was also a vegetarian, so that the New Health Society may yet claim da Vinci, like aviation claims him, as its grand-parent. Certainly he was the first man to grasp in any detail the principles of flight, and to visualise the probable form the aeroplane would take.

Another thing in the Italian Exhibition which the irreverent one-way mind of the aeronautical specialist could not help interpreting as prophetic was the wealth of squadrons of well-nourished cherubs in full flight. In saying that they have a prophetic significance I am not suggesting that they were forerunners of the pneumatic tyre, but in a more vague and symbolical way they seemed to foreshadow our modern light aeroplanists, floating among the clouds, slotted and unafraid. Those cherubs surely conveyed a salutary lesson to the R 100 and R 101, for if anything suggests heavier-than-air flight they do.



CAPTAIN BAKER AND MISS TOUNLEY

Who made the first flight in one of the fleet of twenty-five Blackburn two-seater aeroplanes from Cowes to the new London air park at Heston. The advantage of this type is that the pilot and passenger can sit alongside one another

### Stanley Spooner.

The celebrations of "Flight's" twenty-first birthday constituted a tribute to Mr. Stanley Spooner, its founder, and to his staff, including Mr. Poulsen, who I am sure would prefer to write his leaders in mathematical symbols if his readers could understand them, and Mr. Yoxall, who is ready to stand up to the headlong rush of a 200-m.p.h. fighter with a camera as his only protection, and who will permit his hair to be parted by a tail skid if he can obtain a picture in that way. The paper has always preserved a nice balance between the entertaining and the abstruse. "Flight" is never flighty, but neither is it too heavily loaded to get off the ground. Mr. Spooner must be congratulated.

\* \* \*

### Autogiros at Heston.

Sir Sefton Brancker, in pursuance of his policy of obtaining first-hand practical knowledge of every branch of aviation, flew the Autogiro the other day at Heston. He was up for about twenty minutes, and he took the controls and made a short-distance landing. He told me afterwards that his experience confirmed him in his opinion that the Autogiro would one day be of value for use where large landing spaces are scarce. For myself, I am beginning to doubt the practical value of the Autogiro principle, although I formerly believed in it. The aeroplane fitted with auto-lift slots and interconnected flaps as well as auto-control slots seems to be able to land in almost as short a space as the Autogiro, and to possess all the advantages of the conventional fixed-wing aeroplane. A speed range of 33½ m.p.h. to 112½ m.p.h. has been obtained by a fully-slotted machine, and this seems to be sufficiently wide to put the light aeroplane well within the practical transport vehicle group without resorting to whirling wings.

One of the biggest social air events occurs on February 5, when a banquet is to be given at the Savoy to the Schneider team. The Duke of York has consented to be present, and Sir Philip Sassoon will be in the chair. Tickets may be had from the Royal Aero Club.



The 20 h.p. Special Armstrong Siddeley with Connaught Enclosed Landaulette. £895 complete Car, including self-changing 4-speed gearbox.

What a wise choice of car this is, this 20 h.p. special Armstrong Siddeley with Connaught enclosed landaulette. A car of sound and sensible qualities, suitable for all occasions, whether for touring work or use in congested city traffic. Within, seating accommodation provides for two persons on the enclosed driving

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Spring and the glorious sunshine of the English Riviera?

Most people stay at the Palace nowadays. Golf, tennis, squash, badminton, swimming, dancing, cinema and entertainments are all included in the terms. In the new wing, bedrooms have private bathrooms. ★ Book for February now.

★ Golfers should write at once for details of February's GREAT GOLF EVENT on the Palace course in which world-famous professionals will compete. Accommodation will be limited.

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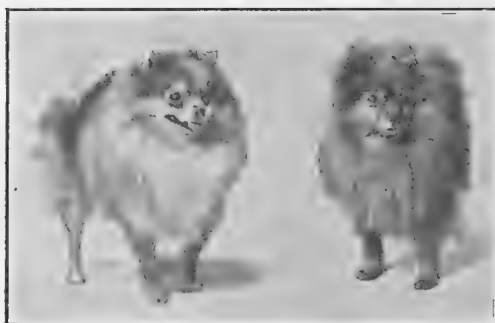


## Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

With the National Terrier Show on January 22 the Show season opens and things begin to liven up a bit. Then comes Cruft's, the first big Show of the year, with its attendant meetings. I hope members will arrange to attend our annual general meeting which takes place on February 13 at the Agricultural Hall.

The voting papers for the Executive Committee will be forwarded in due course, and it is earnestly hoped members will take the trouble to vote. As I have often said it is a sign our association has confidence in its executive when it does not bother to come to meetings or to vote; any society which is having trouble has its meetings crammed! still it is pleasant for the executive to know it has the confidence of its members by their being there to say so!

The following is a list of contributors to our stall at O.D.F.L. Fête—The Duchess of Montrose, the Countess of Stradbroke, Lorna Countess Howe, Lady Kathleen Pilkington, Lady Sophie Scott, Lady Henry Bentinck, Lady George Nevill, Baroness Burton, Lady Berwick, Lady Ludlow, Gertrude, Lady Decies, Viscountess Wolverhampton, the Hon. Lady Cooper, Lady Cochran, Sir J. Moore, the Hon. Mrs. Lascelles, the Hon. Mrs. Levy, the Hon. F. Amherst, Madame Nielka, Madame Cestervern, Mesdames Anderson, Astley, Barber,



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her kennel and owns some really good ones. She sends a photograph of two of her prizewinners, which shows what little beauties they are.

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Miss Frampton has, as is well known, a select kennel of Pekingese. She sends a photograph of a puppy which Her Majesty the Queen of Spain, has taken to Madrid with her. Miss Frampton is naturally much pleased at one of her kennel being selected for this honour. The puppy is a very good one, and will be a credit to her late country in her new one.

I am never required to boom a wire-haired terrier. Everyone knows that as pals they are unsurpassed, equal to any situation. Miss Tuely has some pups for sale, five months old, hound-marked, very well bred. She sends a most attractive photograph of them which shows how good they are.

Of all the toy breeds the Pom is the most perfect in make and shape. A good Pom is a lovely little animal, and a pleasure to look at. Add to this Poms are exceedingly intelligent and ideal house dogs. Miss Little has done well with



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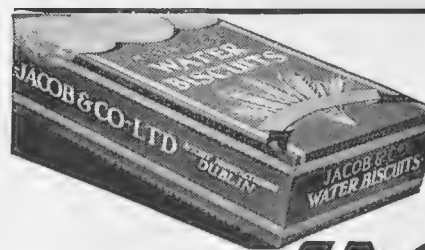
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No. 9. AYESHA. The favourite wife of the Prophet MAHOMET.

Ayesha's influence grew. Before the Moslems became sufficiently strong to capture Mecca from the Pagans and thus establish Mohammedanism as a world religion, she organised a rebellion in the harem. The Prophet had accepted as a concubine a Coptic girl, Mary, young and comely—the two qualities in a woman which Mahomet never failed to appreciate. Unlike his other wives, Mary soon gave birth to a son, Ibrahim. It is true that she was not a slave, but that she had produced a direct heir to Islam exalted her to a station far above the other members of the harem. Ayesha's envy knew no restraint.

So long as Mahomet kept his proud concubine in her own pavilion all went tolerably well. One afternoon, however, in a sudden access of affection, he hurried her to the chamber of one of the legitimate wives; and here the two were discovered in amorous attitude. The news was immediately brought to Ayesha that the good name of the harem had been besmirched, whereupon she decided upon a General Strike. The doors of the harem were closed against the Prophet, and for a month he was compelled to seek solace with Mary in the distant pavilion.

At the end of this period he desired a change. Although he promised never to see the Coptic maid again, Ayesha and her co-strikers refused to accept him back. Then Mahomet was roused to a fury; he vowed to divorce his whole harem and take other wives to his bosom. This was something for which they had not bargained....

*"Ayesha blew on his cheeks to keep them warm and repeated the Islamic prayers for the departing; she rubbed his hands, but he motioned her to desist. Then a few more incoherent prayers, and his head settled in death on his young wife's bosom"*

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nearly 200 of the latest Vogue Pattern designs—frocks, coats, lingerie, and clothes for children of all ages. Articles on the Spring materials (16 pages in the actual colours suggested) and ideas for making them up. Complete instructions for cutting and putting together a characteristic frock with the new line. Advice on the selection of accessories, and on correct corseting . . . Almost as soon as a new style appears, Vogue cuts it and has it ready for you in pattern form. All Vogue's fashion

experience, all Vogue's critical taste, go into choosing the models . . . Vogue Pattern designs aren't just gracefully drawn sketches. They represent real models that have been made up, tried on, and finally approved by Vogue's staff—the fashion authority of the world. Yet they are simple to cut—a beginner can use them . . . So what if you are an amateur? Or must dress on a modest allowance? With Vogue Pattern Book for your guide you can attain distinction at small expense.

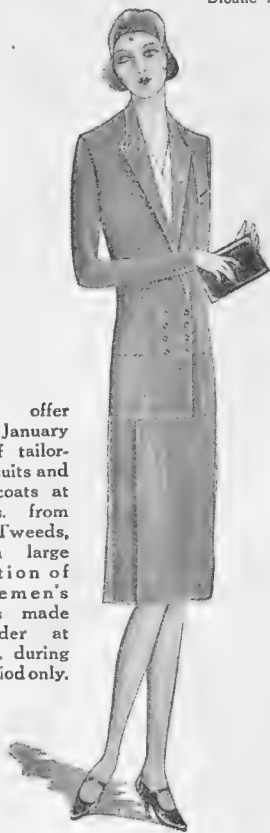
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TT 51

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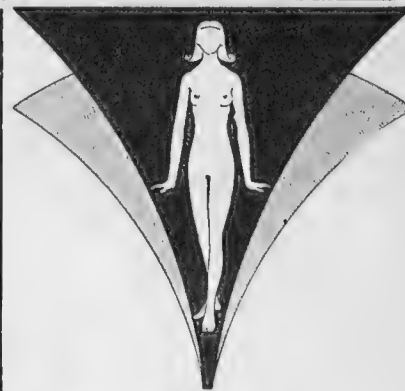
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IDEAL HOME GARMENTS

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● A slim-cut coat of Persian Lamb modelled from picked skins. Amazingly warm, yet light to wear, it has a high roll collar of Sable dyed Kolinsky. Original price 105 guineas

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FOR MEN  
AT 10% OFF USUAL  
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OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN  
IN RICH CRÊPE-DE-CHINE

Our Lingerie Department has a well-deserved reputation for exclusiveness of design, finest workmanship and excellence of finish. We do not stock factory-made garments; all our Lingerie is made in our own workrooms under the supervision of highly-trained designers and fitters, and the value is quite exceptional.

PURE SILK CRÊPE-DE-CHINE  
HAND-MADE NIGHTDRESS,  
attractively trimmed with lace.  
In pink, coral, blue, lemon,  
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PRICE  
**39/6**

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PETTICOAT KNICKER with  
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Sent on approval.





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**V.581**—Attractive felt Hat with the crown and brim neatly tucked at front and side, finished with petersham ribbon in self colourings. Made in all good colours and fittings, 6½, 6¾, 6⅞ and 7. Usual Price 29/6.

Sale Price **27/9**

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KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1  
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'PHONE

SLOANE 4545

**V.582**—Felt Hat with brim turned off face, finished with tiny tucks at back. This hat is made in several shades and in small and medium sizes only. Usual Price 29/6.

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We have designed several attractive models for the coming season, of which the illustration is a typical example. These garments are all made in our own work-rooms, and the workmanship is of a very high standard.

**DELIGHTFUL LACE TWO-PIECE TEA FROCKS**, heavy quality; sleeveless frock with narrow belt and deep frill at foot; dainty coatee with gathered flounce and tie. In black, beige, bottle green, red, navy, cedar, wine and other colours.

PRICE

**6½ Gns.**

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### Statement of Accounts

December 31st, 1929

LIABILITIES		£
Paid-up Capital..	..	13,432,968
Reserve Fund ..	..	13,432,968
Current, Deposit & other Accounts (including Profit Balance) ..	£378,529,625 }	381,449,189
Balances due to Affiliated Companies	2,919,564 }	
Acceptances & Confirmed Credits ..	..	19,779,218
Engagements ..	..	17,695,148
ASSETS		
Coin, Bank Notes & Balances with Bank of England	..	46,918,243
Balances with, & Cheques on other Banks ..	..	18,375,202
Money at Call & Short Notice ..	..	21,670,909
Investments at or under Market Value ..	..	32,928,891
Bills Discounted ..	..	58,783,657
Advances to Customers & other Accounts ..	..	210,374,230
Midland Bank Executor & Trustee Co. Ltd. :—		
Loans on behalf of Clients ..	..	164,444
Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.:—Government of Northern Ireland Guaranteed Loans Account ..	..	1,800,000
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits & Engagements ..	..	37,474,366
Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches ..	..	8,964,535
Other Properties and work in progress for extension of the business ..	..	1,213,349
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits of		
Belfast Banking Co. Ltd. ..	..	1,448,108
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd. ..	..	2,940,054
North of Scotland Bank Ltd. ..	..	2,356,655
Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd. ..	..	376,848

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From 79/6

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for the permanent removal of superfluous hair. Free Consultation.

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BREAD  
TASTE IT  
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Model C. 236

The skirt of this extremely smart cardigan suit can be worn in or outside the overblouse as desired, and is finished at the waist with a neat belt and buckle.

COLOURS: Almond, Wine, Lido and Navy. Also other colours to order.

SIZE: W.

49/6

The attractive, sleeveless overblouse, H. 299, illustrated with this suit, is in washing crêpe-de-chine,

29/11

COLOURS: Mastic and Ivory.

SIZES: 13, 13½, 14, 14½.

CALL OR WRITE for Knitwear Catalogue C.13 of Three-piece and Jumper Suits. Also Afternoon and Evening Frocks.

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166 VICTORIA ST.

(Four doors from corner of Buckingham Palace Road)

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'Phone: Victoria 1976 (2 lines).

BRANCH:

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(Flynn's)



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Accurate in fitting, handsome in appearance, Kestos Girdles are available in a range of Kestos materials. Model 1940 as illustrated. Clasp around, in pink satin with fine elastic side panels. Lightly boned, suitable for slight and medium figures. Sizes 24"-32". Price 25/6d.

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From all high class Stores and Outfitters

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BY THE

*Manners*

### TREATMENT

Is guaranteed to make the Face look 15 years younger.

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"I should very much like to say how very pleased I am with the result of your treatment and the skilful way in which it was done, and if ever there is anything further necessary, I shall certainly place myself in your capable hands."  
"... The worst of it is—now I look so well, no one thinks I need a holiday..."

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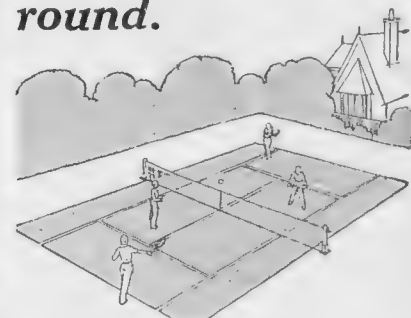
If unable to call, descriptive booklet "T" and particulars of inclusive fees will be sent on application to Streatham Manor, Leigham Avenue, S.W. 16.

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By Appointment



By Appointment

During January, Henry Heath are making drastic reductions in the prices of their ladies hats.

Many will be offered at a reduction of 50 per cent.

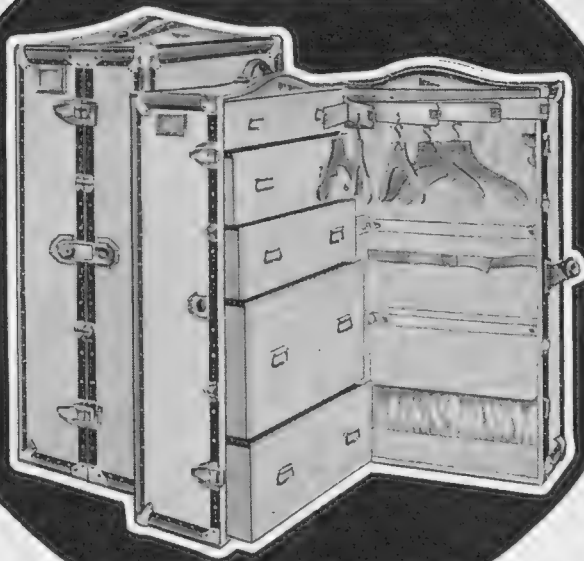
**The Registered Sports Hats will be Reduced from 30/- to 10/- 15/- & 21/-**

All these hats are of the Henry Heath regular quality and are being greatly reduced so as to effect a clearance to make room for the Spring models.

A selection of hats will be sent on approval providing 1/- extra is included for the cost of Postage. Please state colour and size required.

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The Suspender that Ladies everywhere are finding to be the best they have ever worn. The new all-rubber "Sphere" **OVAL-OCTO** grip holds securely and cannot damage the finest hose.

OV21	OV60	OV5
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Be sure and ask for **SPHERE OVAL-OCTO**

Obtainable from all leading Drapers.

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SHOWING THE OVAL-OCTO ALL RUBBER GRIP

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**FINE SELECTION of the RARE**  
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TO-DAY**

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FAT REDUCING CREAM

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Special 4 weeks' treatment as recommended sent post free 17/6  
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Price complete,

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In outsize, 21/- extra.

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to order.

At the Special Price of  
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Soft and supple as the finest Broadtail and as lightweight the charming model illustrated is of natural Brown Ponyskin beautifully figured. The lovely collar and novel cuffs are carried out in Sable Squirrel and it is lined with dull Crepe-de-Chine.

Sale Price

**49 GNS.**

Visit our Showrooms and personally select your bargain.

Furs  
on  
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Pure Silk Stockings*

They know that Jackdaw Stockings can always be relied upon to fit perfectly and accentuate slimness. That their immaculate silk never varies. That they are always sheer, clear, irreproachable.

**A New JACKDAW Colour :  
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**6" 8" 10"**

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By  
Appointment.



By  
Appointment.



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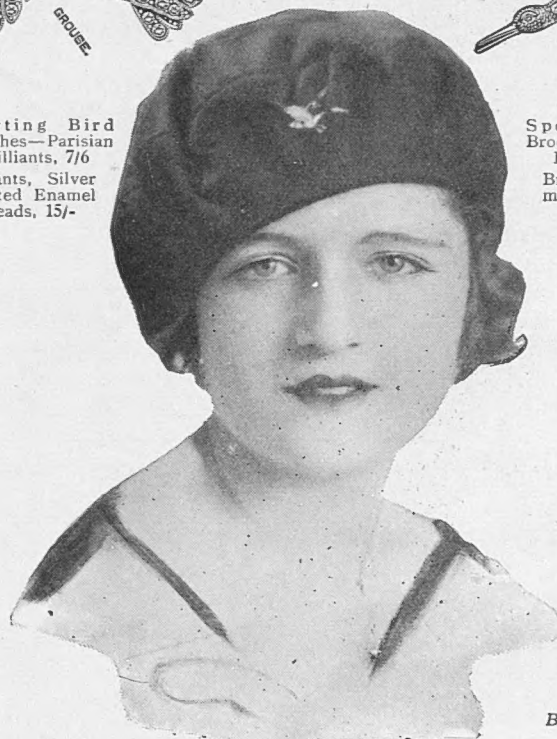


Photo. by  
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Large size Head Fittings a speciality.

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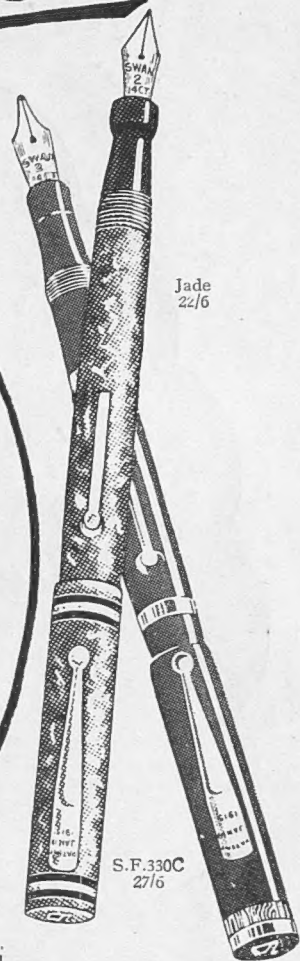
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